A Western Trip

To Bruce Curtis

With best regards

Walhalla April 14th 1932

Carl E. Schmidt

A Western Trip

BY

CARL E. SCHMIDT

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To my wife,

ALICE M. SCHMIDT,

this book

is affectionately inscribed.

5384. GROTTO GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE
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Chapter 1.

THE INSPIRATION.

SITTING in the cafe of the Auditorium Annex in Chicago, waiting for my omelet, I allow my eyes to wander about the room and finally realize that they are resting on a painting depicting one of the geyser formations in the Yellowstone Park. I had known for years that it was my mission to go somewhere but not until that moment did I realize that that somewhere lay in the northwestern part of Wyoming and was named on the map, "The Yellowstone Park".

Arriving home, in Detroit, I gathered up literature on the subject and for months talked, thought, and dreamed of a trip through the Wonders of the Yellowstone. I finally concluded to go in August and take my daughter Emma with me, but found a like yearning existing in the mind of Frank Pingree who desired his son Everett (a miner in Southern Utah) to accompany him.

The plan finally matured and on the evening of August 31st, 1901, the party of four left for Yellowstone Park Reservation.

Sept. 1st. Chicago, 284 Miles from Detroit. States passed through, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. In the evening at 10.30, arrived at St. Paul, 407 miles from Chicago, having through the day, passed through Wisconsin and Minnesota. Arriving at the depot, we saw looming up in the distance the gigantic form of our friend Sharood, who, in company with his son Roy, escorted us to the Ryan Hotel, where we were hospitably received by the landlord and then conducted to elegantly furnished rooms. The hotel

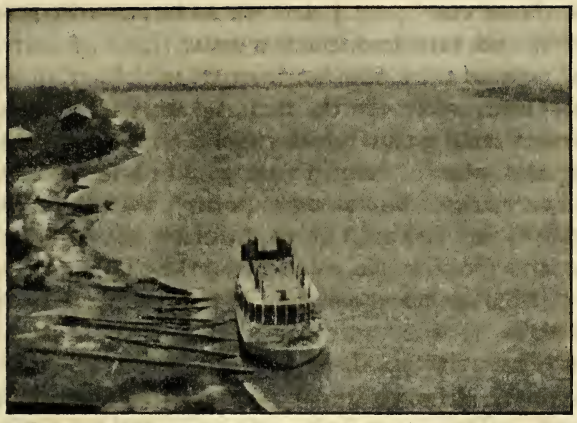
was voted the "best ever" and I derived some satisfaction from the fact that the landlord is a German.

Sept. 2nd. Early in the morning Sharood drove to beautiful Lake Cono. One of the most interesting sights here were some rarely beautiful specimens of the Victoria Randi, an aquatic plant, with leaves about four feet in diameter, in the center of one of which leaves sat an exceptionally fat frog. Taking advantage of the situation I explained that the frog on his island was thriving as well as did General Shafter on the island of Cuba and was no doubt just as safe.

In the afternoon Sharood, who makes shoes, insisted on taking us out to show us the State fair which had just been opened by Vice-President Roosevelt. On getting there we found that the only reason he had for taking us was to show us his exhibit of shoes. Uncle Frank diabolically suggested that one of the shoes be cut in two and exhibited in this manner so that all who passed might see what the shoe was really made of, but Sharood managed to overhear the proposition. A subsequent visit to his factory and the discovery of a large quantity of paste-board showed the reason for his reluctance.

We insisted on visiting the farmer's Exhibit, thereby getting us into a great deal of trouble, for a couple of enterprising salesmen who showed by their perseverance that they were keen judges of human nature, followed us about the place trying to sell Uncle Frank a newly patented churn.

Sept. 3rd. En route to Cinnabar. To-day we passed through North Dakota and Montana, and at Fargo crossed the renowned Red River, the only important river in the United States running north. The Red River Valley owes its fertility to the fact that Lake Winnepeg, in which the Red River discharges its waters, remains frozen long after the Ice King has released the United States from his grasp and the waters of the Red River, finding no outlet, spread themselves for miles over the flat valley of the river, fertilizing it in the same manner as does the River Nile its valley.



At Bismarck we got our first view of the Missouri River. This gave Uncle Frank an opportunity to tell of an early trip of his on the Mississippi. On this first occasion it was quite interesting to hear of the details of how he and some others managed to get a square meal on what, according to his story, must have been a veritable ship of famine. Later as the days wore on and by repetition the story lost its interest.

In the evening, the sun, as it usually does in that country, set in the west, but what was unusual was that banks of clouds had massed themselves on the western horizon, and which afterwards, while our train was speeding along the southern bank of the turbulent Yellowstone, treated us to a most magnificent electrical display. The night was inky dark, except when flashes of lightning sprang from cloud to cloud and for an instant showed the racing Yellowstone, with its background of ever changing mountains and valleys.

There had been no rain for months but when we retired a slight sprinkling gave promise of a welcome rain to the inhabitants of the parched earth.

Sept. 4th. We should have arrived at Livingstone, 1007 miles from St. Paul, at eight o'clock in the morning and when we arose at seven o'clock we interestedly listened to a learned dissertation by the Ely Girl upon the change of the rock formation we were now in from that which we saw when we retired. According to her story, no doubt

from one of the school geographies, we had originally been amid hills that had been formed by a great flood of water but we were now in the Obsidian formation. Just as we had all become impressed with the fact and were marvelling at the wonders of civilization which enabled us to pass from one or more centuries of time to another in a few hours, and each and every one of us "saw the point", the conductor came through the car and told us that during the night we had made exactly four miles, as at Forsythe the track had been washed out by the heavy rain and it had taken the train crew all night to repair the damage. Emma without comment lead the way to the dining car.

We arrived at Livingstone at 1.20 and there changed car for a further fifty-seven mile ride by rail to Cinnabar and from there by team seven miles to Mammoth Springs Hotel, where we arrived at five o'clock. The altitude of Livingstone is 4600 ft.

Chapter 2.

INTO THE YELLOWSTONE.

LEAVING Livingstone one enters fairy-land through an enormous gateway. This gateway was made by a river forcing its way through a mountain and it is known as "The Gate of the Mountains". Through it pours the river, fresh from the eternal snows back in the mountains and from a great lake, a vast reservoir into which the melting snow banks drizzle in a million streamlets, from the wondrous canyon between whose grandly sculptured and colored walls it throws itself in an ecstasy of fury.

After having passed through this gate of the mountains, one is in Paradise Valley. The great mountains, the very temples of the Gods, loom high above. Mighty Canyons, ragged, forest garbed, deep, and fascinating have been gouged from their very vitals. At this point an elderly, comfortable looking official, provided by the Park Association, steps into the car and in well chosen words calls the attention of the tourist to the various points of beauty. Listening to his calm, even tones, and noting his kindly countenance, one would not suspect that this man had passed through an ordeal so trying that but few men have ever felt the agony that must have been his.

Away back in the early days of the first visitors of the Park, this man had remained one winter in charge of one of the so-called hotels. With him was his young wife and their only child. Along in the winter the wife was stricken with sickness and the anxious husband saw her fade away, until at last inexorable death laid claim to her. With his

own hands he dug for her a grave out in the deep snow and ice and to this day, while all know the story of his faded dream, not even the roughest cowpuncher or mountaineer will allude to it in his presence.

The Valley becomes constricted, forming a small rugged canyon that but paves the way for the grander visions which in the days to follow are to break upon the eye. There stands Emigrant Peak, noble and of august mien, thrusting itself snow crowned to a height of 10,600 feet.

Just before entering Cinnabar we saw Cinnabar Mountain with its "Devil's Slide" which caused me to wonder whether the Devil had drawn any slivers in his descent.

On our train was a Raymond party and the experienced traveler knows what that means. Appropriation of all the good seats, of all the good places, of all the food in sight, and Uncle Frank's one ambition was, that we in some way manage to elude them. This was accomplished by hiring a separate coach and spurring the lanky Jehu to unusual effort by questioning his ability to pass the team which had preceeded us. He succeeded but the lion once aroused was difficult to soothe and he scarcely gave us time to view Electric Peak, 11,100 feet high and the collection of low, and in many cases, mud roofed houses known as the town of "Gardiner". From there on we skirted the banks of the Gardiner River where spires and pinnacles formed conspicuous objects. the most striking of which is Eagle Nest Crag, upon which the parent bird was feeding its brood of young eagles, whose protruding heads could be seen and whose plaintive cries were plainly heard.

Arriving at Mammoth Springs Hotel we procured chilly, dreary rooms in the attic and as this hotel is not provided with an elevator, the climb was anything but agreeable for the two heavy weights, altitude to be considered. After a hasty wash we descended to the dining room and were served with as poor an excuse for a meal as could be found in many a day's travel. The service, if such a thing could be possible, was poorer than the meal. The

only satisfaction was derived from the fact that we were ahead of the Raymond party, and that in this case their meal would be no improvement on our own. A party sitting at our table who had about finished his meal when we sat down, telling us that his coffee had been warm when he received it, ours being cool, and the deduction was that if the progression continue the Raymond party would have Coffee Ice by the time it got around to its meal.

Adjourning to the broad veranda we found a gentleman, surrounded by a concourse of listeners, who announced himself as Prof. von Catzburg, travelling through the Park in the interest of some magazine. The Professor wore the necessary spectacles, but observation revealed the fact that when he wanted to see anything he looked over or under them. In addition he wore a soiled collar, green plaid necktie, Prince Albert coat and trousers which either shame had caused to shrink in an unusual manner or had been intended for somebody with shorter legs than the self-styled Professor possessed. It was amusing to notice the interest everybody took in the opening remarks of Prof. Red Neck, as I baptized him (on account of the unusual scarlet hue of that part of his anatomy) but how one by one his auditors managed to escape him until finally only one listener remained, he being held fast by a particularly safe button of his coat.

As we had supper early, we walked about and viewed with amazement a large fence built entirely of Elk horns. Then over to so-called Terrace Mountain. Even from the piazza of the hotel the terraces present a remarkable appearance and as we approach them the singularity of their origin and appearance becomes more and more pronounced, but as we climb the slopes and view the bowls of steaming rainbow colored waters

"Like thistledown,
The vapory clouds float down in her peaceful sky."

We examine the terrace fronts with their wondrous patterns of etchings and bead work, and stand in open-eyed amazement at what seems a miracle of creation. What one sees here is found upon successive terraces and is reached by easy gradations and by footpaths or trails.

Liberty Cap impressed Uncle Frank (who comes of revolutionary stock) as most remarkable, whereas I, who am more or less of a heathen, am impressed by the terraced altar of Jupiter and Minerva. Cupids Cave caused Emma to peer anxiously into its darker depths but what she saw she did not tell and the chronicler is devoid of imagination.

Even so early in the program Uncle Frank, Everett and Emma developed an inclination to take foolhardy risks in getting close to the edges of precipices, which cause me to stand back and tremble and only earnest entreaty on my part induces the venturesome ones to desist.

After such minor incidents as stepping into a hot pool, getting trousers and dresses discolored, slipping down steep declivities twenty and thirty feet high, which caused Uncle Frank to grunt at each step and me to imitate the crawfish, that is, walk down backwards, we returned to the hospitable tavern described above.

In the evening, our guide, Fitzgerald of Gardiner, makes his appearance and the details of equipment for the trip are carefully gone into and arranged for.

Fitz, as he is soon styled, is worthy of more than passing notice. He looks fifty-five years of age, but acknowledges that 65 winters have passed over his head and left his hair the color of the driven snow. Tall, spare, square of shoulder, with eagle's nose and eyes which strike him who looks into them as reflecting a soul calm and self contained. The days of closer intimacy brought out the fact that those eyes were of the keenest and that nothing escaped their piercing glance. His skin, the color of an Indian's, through which the ruddy glow of health attested the benefit derived from a life close to nature. Years of his early days were spent in conducting parties over the plains and through the mountain fastnesses of the Crow, Nez Perces, and Sioux Indians and with many an interesting tale of reminiscence did he while away an otherwise tedious half hour of the following days or evenings.

53315—Sapphire Hot Spring, Yellowstone National Park.
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Chapter 3.

READY TO MARCH.

SEPT. 5th. In the morning we are awakened by the "Reveille" which sounds to us from the nearby post and the bugle plainly said according to army tradition:

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.
The corporal's worse than the private,
He won't obey the call;
The sergeant's worse than the corporal
And the captain's worse than all."

While donning our traveling suits we look out of the window and see a squad of cavalry, the men in white overalls and every horse white, briskly trotting by on their way to the springs to water the horses.

After a hasty breakfast, we adjourned to the open air where our cavalcade was awaiting us. An inspection showed five horses in the charge of Fitz and a driver with a wagon which was to carry the necessary baggage and equipments and had a seat reserved for such of the party as might desire to take some other position than that which horseback riding brings about. We baptized this part of the outfit "the ambulance".

The horses were of the usual broncho type, the accoutrements common to the west; heavy curb bit and cow-boy saddle, which to the inquiring touch seemed suspiciously

hard, and a lot of strings hanging from each saddle, the uses of which were to develope later on.

About this time, the manager of the hotel, a Mr. Dean, sleek and wellfed, appeared and apologized for the poor accomodations given the party, telling them that four rooms had been reserved for them, but that owing to the indistinctness of my handwriting in registering, the party had been unrecognized and assigned to the attic. It is needless to say that the discovery of this error produced no reduction in the bill but a promise from Mr. Dean that he would advise all other stopping places along the road of our itinerary and that the best of accomodation would thereafter be ours.

Uncle Frank at this time almost broke me up by laughing in the wrong place.

On the porch I met a woman in black with a lean and hungry look who with her husband had previously attracted my attention, she because of the melancholy which seemed to prevade her entire being and he because I had never observed him to smile. I intended to speak and offer my condolences but a look from the man who took himself seriously caused me to retreat.

With an au revoir to Liberty Cap, the horses on a trot, which all voted a most uncomfortable gait, we moved rapidly along toward Bunsen Peak. As we ride past the terraces, new beauties are seen from the southern side and the significance of the name "Pulpit Terrace", applied to one of them, now appears in full force. As we ride along we look upon the landscape with interest. On the left, low lying, is flat topped Mt. Everts, so named after the man who had been lost for almost a month and was finally found, crazed, upon the summit. Everett, our young friend, claims that his fame has preceded him and that the mountain had really been named after him. Straight ahead rises Bunsen Peak, honoring the name of the celebrated German Chemist who has given us the best theory of the geysers. A few months ago the government constructed a new road between Mammoth Springs and the Golden Gate. It is an unusually fine specimen of road building and at

Silver Gate is in the midst of as unique a rock land as one will ever see.

We think of goblins, Hendric Hudson and his nine pine bowlers, and are almost prepared to see another Rip Van Winkle rise up. Now we are within dungeon walls and to our left there is the sentry and we feel that this must be the Golden Gate and a wonderful mountain gate it is. The so-called Sentry is but a column of rock about twelve feet high. The road twists about so that we obtain many an interesting view of the gorge. To cap the climax we come full upon beautiful Rustic Falls at the very head of the canyon. Down it glides, coming from the wide green valley that opens up before us, into the rockier, gloomier shadows of the gorge, where it burrows between the rocks at the bottom of the ravine. The traveler is prevented from falling over the precipice by small stones piled upon one another so as to form a barrier. Uncle Frank leans upon it and Everett attempts to go him one better by standing upon it and only the most urgent insistence from me induced them to step back to safe ground. Riding on we come to Swan Lake and the Mountain range back of it is the Gallatins. Just south of Antler Peak comes Bannock Peak, so named because the trail of the Bannock Indians ran across its foothills.

The Indians called the entire region of the Yellowstone "White Man's Hell" and scarcely entered into it.

Here, close to the Lake, we come across our first game, a flock of wild geese who are so fearless that they cannot be induced to rise in flight even by riding toward them. further on we come to an Apollonaris spring where we quaff a draught of this deliciously charged water. It lies deep in the forest to the left of the road and seems to spring from no where and immediately loses itself among the stones. Riding along we skirt the Obsidian Cliff, two hundred or more feet high of natural volcanic glass which was once used by the Indian of these regions as material for arrow heads. At the base of the cliff and running along the road is Beaver Lake. The irregular dam of the beavers is readily traced and over toward the other shore is

LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

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a conical beaver house. Passing Twin Lakes, which though twins are not of the same color, we come to the Devil's frying Pan, and how it does sputter and boil. This is the first evidence we see of the phenomena of the geysers. The frying Pan and some other springs of the same nature, which are occasionally seen, are forerunners of what we will see at the Norris Basin which we reach at two o'clock.

We all feel the effect of this, our first twenty mile ride and one of the party at least thinks of "Gaits Ajar".

Chapter 4.

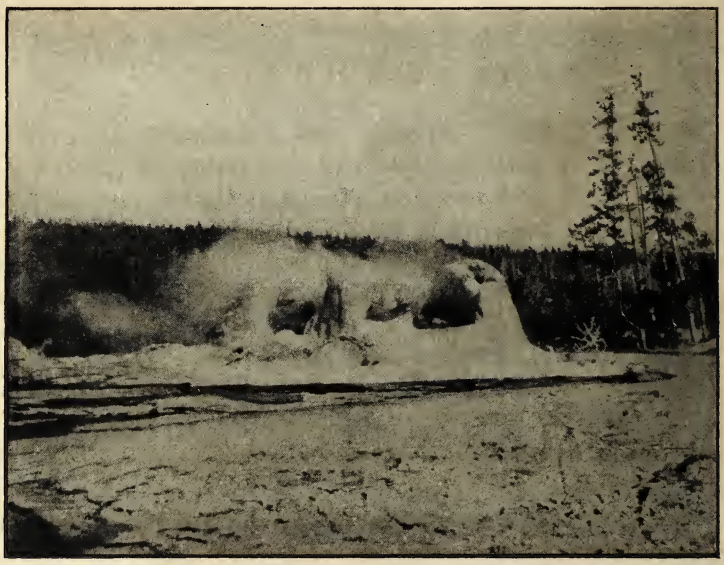
THE EMERALD ISLE.

HAVE you ever met a chattering, hospitable Irishman who had been gathering a repertoire of funny things to say to the traveler, finding security in the thought that none would ever return? "Why my dear friend, you're looking better than ever" and "Where did I meet you before? Your face is so very familiar" and other expressions showed that Larry, the irrepressible Larry was one of the fortunates who had licked the Blarney Stone. Up to this season he had been living in tents but the hotel company had built him a frame hotel and deeply did he feel his importance.

After luncheon which, Larry told us, had been prepared by his "french Chef from Cork" and a request to eat everything but to leave the dishes, Larry invited us out to see the "Geezers" as he pronounced it, and we set out to view the curiosities of this neighborhood. Our guide at this place is a Swiss, who calls himself "Sepp" which is an abbreviation of Joseph. Advancing a few hundred paces we can view from the elevation the entire stream baked region which awaits our inspection. Paint-pots, bubbling springs, the Devils Ink-stand and a few minor geysers all claim our attention. The crust is in many places quite thin and appears dangerous.

Planks are laid upon the ground so as to make the walking safe. One very large boiling caldron is called the "Boiler". There are others about spurting streams of water, some of them no larger than a pencil.

Sepp told us he had crossed over the spot where the "Boiler" now rages about 20 minutes before the earth broke down and formed the basin in which it seethes. Not far from it there had been another similar geyser formation called the "Growler" but immediately upon the appearance of the "Boiler" the "Growler" became extinct.



Fitz brings our team and wagon and we take a side trip to the Virginia Cascades. We return to Larry's hospitable roof and enjoy what we afterwards agreed was the best meal served us in the Yellowstone Park.

Emma decided she would take a bath and as Uncle Frank followed suit they intrusted themselves to the guidance of Larry who went ahead with the lamp, leading them through a field in which the tree stumps were still standing to what it called the laundry, one end of which is fitted up for bath purposes. Not many people have had the experience of being asked to "Look out, don't fall over the tree stumps" in going to their bathrooms. But the bath-room was clean and the water hot, and the satisfaction

53343. UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

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derived from the soaking of the hot and fevered limbs was great.

Afterwards we spent an hour listening to Larry's yarns. His laundryman is a Chinaman weighing 94 pounds. His cook although called "a frenchman from Cork" is in reality an Austrian and while we cannot admit Larry's claim that he has seventeen employees and everyone of them of a different nationality, we must say that his retinue is a fair illustration of how mixed the population of the country is, over which the stars and stripes wave.

On divesting myself of my clothing preparatory to retiring, an examination shows my cuticle is not sufficiently hard to stand daily horse-back tours of from twenty to thirty miles upwards. Everett comes to my relief with some liniment prescribed by a doctor in Windsor, the use of which brought me to the conclusion that he might have sought medical advice nearer home and fared better. for ten minutes after the application I experienced the most excruciating pain. An army cavalry officer whom I met later on advised the use of vaseline in such cases and I want to say right here to any intending equestrian, provide yourself with a jar of vaseline even before you get a horse.

Bright and early next morning we started for our next station, the Fountain Hotel. Our way leads us past Monument Geyser, through Gibbon Canyon to the Beryl Springs. About this time I find it important to examine the horses. Somebody (and I concluded that it was right after he had taken a twenty mile horseback ride on a broncho) has established the fact that while the brain of a man is equal to the 28th part of the weight of his body, the brain of a horse is only equal to the 400th part of his body. Uncle Frank's mount was named Kate, probably because of her lamblike steady disposition. The day's acquaintance added to her name and she was from now on known as Grunting Kate. Her intelligence was marvelous. She would recognize another horse changing its gait at a distance of two to three hundred feet and immediately follow suit. When the change consisted of going out of a trot into a canter or lope Uncle Frank's face was diffused with smiles. But when

the reverse was the case and she struck a gait which Fitz called a trot and Uncle Frank a "thump" it would first assume a look of surprise, then of disappointment and finally of sorrow.

Emma's horse was flattered by the poetic name of Bird and a bird he was, long rangy, steady gait and intelligent in fact, the pick of the troop. Everett's horse already showed signs of fatigue and he viewed with alarm the prospect of being obliged to walk or ride in the ambulance. My horse was dubbed Muggins. Why, surpasses understanding but Muggins he was and if that was any reflection on his character or morality I agreed with the name. Fitz rode what was left. That he was not entirely pleased became clear to us when we observed him digging his spurs into the sides of what he called a very valuable horse when sitting around the camp-fire and talking about him in the evening, but when astride other names and qualities were charged which would not look well in print.

Far ahead of us we saw a soldier on horseback driving a mule down the road toward us. The soldier frantically motioned to us to give him the road and knowing the perversity of the burros and the likelihood of its bolting up the hill at our appearance we all rode to one side excepting Emma who kept straight along on a lope. The expected happened, at a place when the ground was covered with boulders the burro started uphill with the soldier after it.

A stream of oaths and pet epithets came from his mouth, directed at the burro of course and not at Emma.

When riding along the Gibbon River which is one of the rivers "along which the travelers ride and in which the trout are said to hide" we saw several rocks in the middle of the stream out of which hot water welled and sputtered. We arrived at Fountain Hotel after a twenty-two mile ride.

Chapter 5.

THE ARMY.

WITH Everett I had remained behind to visit Capt. Lindsay who had charge of a camp of cavalry near the hotel. The captain's salute was truly western. "Well, boys, I would like to ask you in to take a drink but for the first time in a long while I have run out of whiskey and if you have such a thing as a drink of whiskey about you and will share it with me you will save the life of a dying man". Of course the flask was forthcoming and good health and a pleasant trip pledged all around.

Shortly after leaving the captain we forded Nez Perces Creek, on the further bank of which stood a rude log house which Fitz had built years ago for the state of Wyoming and which was the first prison in that section, proving that even twenty years ago civilization had found its way into this country of solitude. The creek received its name because the Nez Perces Indians had come to this point and turned back when pursued by the U. S. troops.

When nearing the Fountain Hotel we saw some dark objects walking around in a field and on coming closer we found that they were some black bears that had strolled down from the mountain and were prowling about looking for something to eat. One of the bears had in some way gotton its head and one leg through an iron hoop and was unable to again remove it. It was evidently bothering him some as he was perceptibly lame. The people about told us that they were expecting two Montana cowboys who were going to lasso the bear and remove the hoop.

When we arrived at the hotel we found Uncle Frank and Emma seated comfortably in arm-chairs on the porch and a handsome young military surgeon paying strict attention to the Ely girl. The doctor was under the weather and on a furlough and just like ordinary people impressively told us that if he would take care of himself he would be in bed but he did not like being in bed, etc., etc. The doctor was prescribing for himself and the post surgeon said that the reason he did not recover sooner was because he had either a fool of a doctor or a fool of a patient.

A poor lunch was only made bearable by the presence of the lady whom I have described as "the lady in black, with the hungry look". Tall, sylph-like, olive-complected, with a face sadly wistful and eyes that looked appealingly, my imagination explained her demeanor through the appearance of her husband, one of the those cold, sphinxlike men who take themselves seriously but are really a joke to all except those who are compelled to endure their presence.

We afterward took our team and in company of the doctor drove to Fire-Hole Lake, one of the greatest curiosities of which, is, what looks like a flame, that seems to lick in every direction fully 25 feet below the surface of the lake. Near here is the fountain Geyserand the most beautiful paint-pots we have yet seen. The predominating colors are pearl gray, and light terra cotta with many very delicate gradings of these shades. This clay is always sputtering and in a state of ebullition, forming roses, tulips and other forms which are wonderfully perfect and astonishing.

In the evening we saw 5 Bears that came down to the back of the hotel to explore the garbage barrels.

In re-reading my notes I find that I have followed the example of all other sight-seers in describing only what I saw, but the description of the Yellowstone Park is only half a description unless due attention is paid to the odors which abound there. I find three sub-divisions in them and have classified them as follows:

first: A faint recollection comes to you through the surrounding rare atmosphere, a sort of sensation akin to that which tells you in the morning that one of the mixed drinks taken the evening before did not quite agree with you. Simply a faint suspicion that something is not quite right.

Second: Six deep invigorating inhalations of pure ozone, producing an exhilaration that enables even the heavy weights and mossy members of the party to feel as though they would like to climb a tree. Suddenly a whiff from somewhere that almost takes you off your feet and makes you wonder whether there is a menagerie with its cages of confined animals or a slaughter house in mid-summer hidden from your view by the sparsely growing scrub pine. You investigate, which in this case means follow your nose and you come across a little or large (as the case may be) pool of water which exhales the mephitic breath.

Third: Do you know what a stink is? Here it is; something that lies heavily on your chest taking away your breath and producing in you the wild desire to stampede which is only checked by the beauties which your eyes are feasting on. Have you ever entered Detroit by the Wabash Railroad and passed a great collection of massive buildings that bear the sign, "Michigan Carbon Works"? Well if you multiply your experience there by four you have the odor of the "Devil's frying Pan" for instance. But there is one virtue in the odors and that is they make a Christian human being better. When entering the park you will find notices on most of the stationery telling people who suspect that they have weak hearts that they had better consult the doctor at the Mammoth Springs Hotel.

The irreverent suspect that this is an "ad" of the doctor for the purpose of bringing trade to him in this land of health but it has the effect of making the said "C. H. B." think of his latter end. When standing near a fetid pool good resolutions could be plainly read in the square set jaw and supplicating eyes of the Congregationalist of our party.

We ride to the Upper Geyser where a long, rambling

building indicates a resting place. On getting nearer we find it is constructed from unhewn logs and is picturesquely located, nestling in a grove of pines and tamarack. A babbling brook coming out of the hill, loses itself in the valley at our feet, and, finally find its way into Fire-Hole River.

We ask for rooms for the night and are shown a long tent ostentatiously marked No. 1. A hallway down the center formed of canvas divides it. At the end of the hall a small wood stove looks pitifully inconspicuous when compared with the size of the tent. The rooms are canvas formed, with a flap, for a door. A deal bed, small table, and a wash-bowl, with a four by six looking glass furnish the accomodations. Scrupulous cleanliness prevails and later on at Yancey's we have occasion to think back to this primitive abode with loving memory.

A lunch is served by a squat figured black-eyed "Bossy Brander" of Montana and spoiled by an officious landlord with great whiskers, hollow chest, and hollower cough who takes the first opportunity to tell us that four years ago he was dying of consumption but now thanks to the climate etc. etc.

Our ambulance being ready we visit Prismatic Lake and Turquoise Spring. The latter, a beautiful pool of blue water about one hundred feet in diameter entrances us.

Sapphire Pool, a large spring, also hot, some 250 by 300 feet in size fairly astonishes us. The vapors that arise make it difficult at all times to obtain a satisfactory view.

In order to get this, it is necessary to walk out to the very edge and peer out through the vapor. The winds shift them more or less, so that glimpses may be obtained of the pool whose loveliness is not matched elsewhere. It is however necessary to be careful. The walls around the pool are eaten out underneath and shelve back under the surface, leaving but a thin shell to walk on. It is the largest of the springs and is a rare jewel in this land of jewels. From it descends a perfect network of rivulets and ribbons of many and beautiful colors, all flowing into the Fire-Hole River. The pictured colorings of the waters form a delightful color

fantasy and with Turquoise Springs near by, and similar in character, this seems like an ideal fairy spot.

From there we drive to Excelsior Geyser which is one of the independent chaps and reaches a state of activity only at rare times and we are told that when it does come it is worth a trip across the continent to see it.

Perhaps this is a proper place to remark that the word Geyser-Geiser or Gesiris is a word of Icelandic origin and means gusher or rager. In its native use it is the proper name of the Great Geyser in Iceland and is not an appellative.

The history of the Great Geyser of Iceland begins in the early part of the fifteenth century. Its eruptions occur once in thirty hours and it throws seventy to eighty feet with perhaps two small eruptions between of from thirty to fifty feet high.

Geysers exist at the present time in many volcanic regions, as in the Eastern Archipelago, Japan and South America; but they are best developed in Iceland, New Zealand and the Yellowstone National Park. The Geysers of Iceland are within a circuit of two miles and more than one hundred hot springs can be counted in that limit. The Iceland Geysers are fifty miles north of Mt. Hecla, at the foot of a range of hills three or four hundred feet in height in a broad valley of alluvial formation. The Geysers of New Zealand are in the south of Auckland, near the upper basin of the Waikato river.

The Geysers of the National Park exceed both in quantity and grandeur all others in the known world. If all the other Geysers were to assemble in their might they would sink into insignificance when put beside our National exhibit.

3310—Summit Basin, Mammoth Hot Spring, Yellowstone National Park

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Chapter 6.

THE CAPTAIN.

WE drive to the Old Riverside which when we passed in the morning gave promise of performing for our benefit. We settled ourselves comfortably in our seats and the "children" who did not seem to know what physical tiredness meant improved the opportunity by climbing up a steep hillside where they finally appear in the open, seated on a rock and are very frequently rested on by the fond eyes of Uncle Frank and myself.

The park at this place abounded with what are called "Prairie Schooners" driven in by dwellers in the long stretches of plain of both Montana and Wyoming. The old seem to separate from the young like chaff from the wheat and we find interest only in the antics of the generation that lives in the present. Brown, with the healthy rich blood, produced by the prairie, mounting through their cheeks; clad in the picturesque non-descript clothing of the West, they are found everywhere usually with the male arm encircling the sturdy female waist and the laughter of the healthy, unconventional is heard on all sides. The stepping on a dry branch, causing it to break and an end to fly up and strike one of the young women on the arm, with a force that would cause a city damsel to consult the family physician, gives rise to laughter, ringing laughter that carries them over a period of at least ten minutes. Of the older members of this peculiar western race only one appeals to our fancy. A sawed-off stout, grey little fellow with a happy rotundity and a sparkling eye that has retained the interest of youth. He rides about

from place to place on a frisky bay broncho. Any increased rising of vapor in the distance is sufficient reason for the old man to set out on a neck breaking gallop to ascertain the cause.

The comb of Riverside Geyser stands immediately on the edge of Spring Creek, in fact, almost seems to rise out of it. Little jets of steaming hot water flow down the edge of the comb and two little maidens come out of the green forest in the back ground carrying between them their laundry and start to wash a big brown sheet in the over running water of old Riverside. With many a little shriek probably caused by the heat of the water coming from their natural laundry tub, they finish their task and after rinsing in the cool fresh waters of Spring Creek, retire, and just in time, for the warning shout from Fitz has startled them away and Old Riverside with a roar and a grumble shoots up a jet of water ten to fifteen feet high, then recedes and with a mightier roar breaks forth a column at least one hundred feet high and probably three feet thick at the base.

How shall I describe it? Added to the awesome sight, old father Sol, the painter of bright colors has come out from his hiding and enlivens the picture. A rainbow finding its beginning at the apex of the geyser throws a stately arch, the lower end of which is lost in the deep blue verdure of the pines beyond. Words fail and we all feel that it is good to be alive and good to be together to enjoy this rare picture. It brings back the adage that "shared trouble is divided trouble and shared joys are doubled joys."

Surfeited with all we have seen, passing Fan Geyser which gives what now seems to us an ineffectual spurt but which at other times would seem a grand sight, we drive back to the plateau on which are geysers that are extinct and threatening geysers innumerable, among them the Bee-Hive, Cascades, Giantess and the Grotto.

We return to our supper and then as our curiosity has again awakened wander to "Old Faithful" the never disappointing chap. He reminds you of the old watchman that

you have seen passing your door daily with his lunch basket, going to his nightly vigil. Old Faithful spouts about once every sixty minutes. With watch in hand we awaited the upward rush of water and were rewarded in seeing a great volume thrown up fifty to sixty feet high into the air.

Was it that we were surfeited or was it that the gloaming had arrived and the glorious sun, which had added to the beauty of the Riverside, had sunk behind the Western foot-hills? It is a fact that the impression gained at the Riverside was not renewed by Old Faithful, staunch and true as he is. To us Riverside is and will remain the Captain.

We get back to our tent and start a crackling fire in the little stove which by this time is appreciated as a dear and warm friend, seat ourselves on chairs, and the remainder of the party, when the supply of chairs is exhausted, on boxes, and drawing close spend the evening in reminiscencing.

The impressions are varied but out of all that is said speaks a love of nature that draws all together as would a bond.

At last sleep is sought for but is delayed for some minutes by the snoring of Uncle Frank, which was finally interrupted by one of the many cakes of soap and other loose articles which are hurled at him over the partition, successfully striking him. With a grunt he turns over and soon silence covers all and one after the other drops off into the land of Nod.

In the morning I was awakened by hearing somebody whittling kindling and bustling around our old friend, the little stove. I knew that only Uncle Frank had farm training and I attributed this early energy to him as I lay snuggled up in the army blankets. In my doze I could see Uncle Frank, the red-cheeked farm boy up in old Maine at the dawn of day getting out of his bed, starting the kitchen fire and then going out to the old oaken bucket next to the well for his morning ablution, and I in a hazy sort of a way determined that I would speak some words of commendation to him for his thoughtfulness for the comfort of

53345. RIVERSIDE GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.
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our party, when my train of half-conscious thought was suddenly interrupted by a strange harsh male voice calling out, "Anybody wants any hot water put their bowl in the hall" and thus my dream was shattered.

Passing my bowl into the hall it was soon filled from a pail by the "hall-steward" who stalked defiantly out of the tent as though some indignity had been inflicted upon him. Later I met him before the tent and a picturesque figure he was, dark and swarthy of face, a slouch hat, blue shirt and trousers tucked into cow-hide boots completed his attire.

To my regret Bossy Brander did not wait on us at breakfast and although I looked about for her my quest was unrewarded.

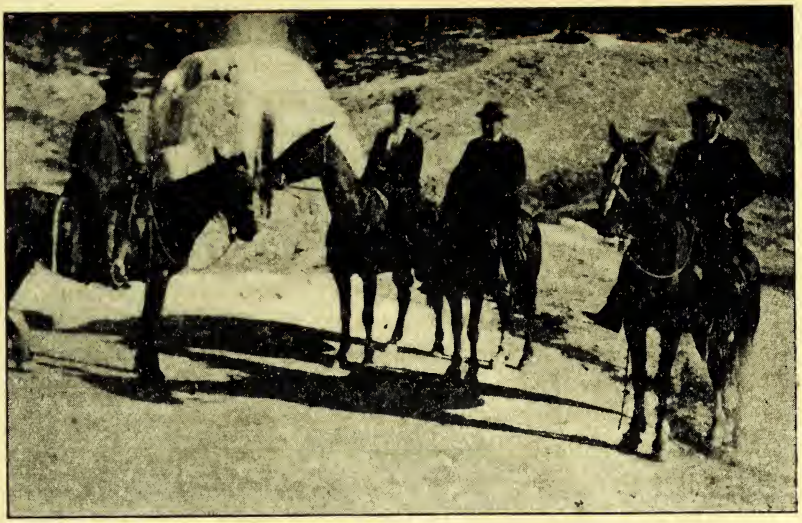
It suddenly occured to Uncle Frank that this was Sunday, Sept. 8th and following the old maxim that "the better the day the better the deed" we on this day rode twenty-one miles on horseback and made nineteen miles in a boat. It was a beautiful crisp morning and the best of humor pervaded the entire party.

Everett, whose original mount had played out, perhaps because a willing youth sat upon a willing horse, had been provided by Fitz with a white broncho who clearly showed that the years usually allotted to the equine race had passed over him but had left him, if somewhat the worse for wear and tear, still gamy enough to make you avoid the proximity of his heels. His former owner had told Fitz that he had never worn shoes on his hind feet because he had resisted all efforts to shoe him behind and in consequence his hind feet had been stepped flat and were the size and shape of fair sized plates.

Everett's horse being fresh and my Muggins frisky (as he usually was in the morning) we started out at a brisk pace and soon left our party behind. We wound our way up through the forests to Kepler's Cascade where we stopped, waiting for our party and watched the water as it comes leaping, tumbling, falling madly, with froth and foam down the lava slope. It is a wild spot and so different from the geyser country that we had left nearby that we have forced

upon us once more the contrasting character of much of the park scenery. We follow the Fire-Hole River in its charmingly winding course to where Spring Creek joins it and there we bid farewell to it. We have seen so much of this clean, sparkling stream that we feel loth to say good-by and turn up the narrow mountain defile of the little creek. After proceeding for half an hour Fitz informs us that up a valley at the entrance of which we are standing there is a geyser of peculiar formation. We determined to visit it and canter into the valley over the greenest sward that we have yet seen, so velvet like is its character that all the caution that is necessary is to watch out for gopher holes.

A brisk half hour's ride brings us into the center of this valley. Perfectly flat, the mountains having receded a full mile on each side of us and right in the center, with not



a stone near it, stands the geyser, a column of rock fifteen to twenty feet high, emitting a slight vapor and because of its isolated position, most appropriately named the Lone Star, but, would not the Lost Star have been more poetical a name?

We ride back to the main road and now begins our climb of the Continental Divide. We reach it at a narrow

spot in the mountains, retired, silent, hemmed in by cliffed walls, known as Craig Pass. At one side of the roadway is a small pond and altogether it makes a very effective bit of landscape. Here we are 8240 feet above the sea. On one side of us a brook hurries, as though startled by the appearance of our party, to bury itself in the bosom of the waters of the Grand Pacific. On our left the overflow of the pond finds its way through thousands of miles through the Yellowstone, Missouri, and Mississippi, and finally becomes lost in the warm embrace of the Gulf of Mexico.

We cross the Continental Divide twice this day. We now ascend Corkscrew Hill, then cross Heron Creek, ascend another mountain and suddenly stop at Shoshone point. The mountains, black with heavy timber, rise all about us and away down at the northern end of the view is beautiful Shoshone Lake. And see! far in the distance, clear and martial like, the three Tetons rise. That highest one, whose peak looks like an index finger is 13,700 feet high.

The ride from this portion of the park is most exhilarating. The rare scenery, the rarer atmosphere, the frequent changes of view! Now creeping along the mountain side and now sweeping around the bold mountain headlands makes one feel that he is indeed clear of the turmoil of the world and is breathing the pure air of the hills and mountains, untainted by the gases and odors of the cities.

We ride for several hours, rising higher and higher until the climax is reached. Over and through a fringe of trees, the turquoise colored Yellowstone Lake breaks suddenly upon the sight. Our labored breathing tells us that we are at a high altitude and consulting our map we learn that this lake is 7,721 feet above the level of the sea.

The growth of timber grows heavier until it ends in a fringe at the shore of the lake. Here is found a lunch station, that is, large tents, are pitched. We enter the first one which is a sort of a reception room. On inquiring for a drink the gentlemen of the party are motioned to the rear where a canvas flap is lifted and on stepping through we find ourselves in a smaller tent where eight whisky bottles

53328 GREAT FOUNTAIN
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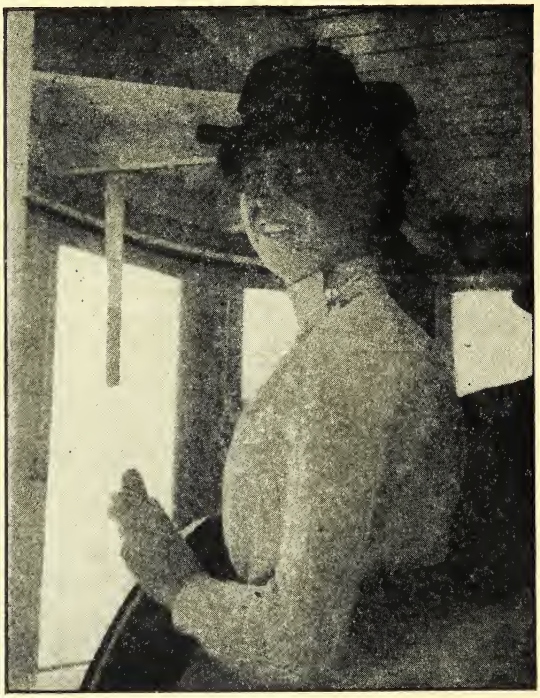
are set on a shelf in a row, and to our delight each is labeled "Canadian Club".

While waiting around for the lunch to be set on the table a coach party arrives and as soon as they have shaken themselves free of dust we are ushered into the dining room which contains a long deal table with benches along the sides. After all are seated bountiful platters of good, substantial food are set out before us.

Capt. Walters, a striking figure introduces himself and arrangements are made with him to cross the lake on his little steamer "Zillah". The "Zillah" is a small steamer that was transported piece-meal over the mountains to this lake.

As it is yet some time before the boat starts we stroll around in the neighborhood and view some quite pretty Paint-Pots. We have arranged with Fitz that he and the driver take our horses along the Northwestern shore of the lake, a long tedious 19 mile ride.



Only a few of the people availed themselves of the opportunity to ride on a steamboat on Yellowstone Lake which lies at the highest altitude of any lake in the world that is navigable.

Emma and Everett go to the upper

deck, and Emma is soon invited to steer the boat which she does for the entire twenty miles of the trip.

About half way across the lake is Dot Island. On this Island Capt. Walters has a few buffalo and elk in captivity. from here we cross to the Eastern shore and on the way through a gap in the mountains we get a most beautiful view of the Tetons in the West, and of Mt. Sheridan in the South, while in the East are the so-called Signal Hills, being the foot-hills to such giants as Avalanche Peak, Reservation Peak, Eagle Peak and others, all over ten thousand feet high.

Capt. Walters joins us in the stern of the boat and we arrange with him that on our arrival at the Lake Hotel at Yellowstone River, out-let of the lake, we go a-fishing, as he highly recommends the sport at this place.

We arrive at 3.30 and as the lake has turned quite rough we drive to the river while two guides row the boats. We fish for two hours. Emma was successful in catching a two-pound trout and Everett caught two smaller ones, while Uncle Frank and myself caught none.

Going back to the hotel we are presented by Capt. Walters with his bill for the row-boats, amounting to $12, a piece of high-way robbery, and the only satisfaction I had was in telling him that I now knew why Christ walked on the water, that in the face of such charges anybody else would walk that was able to.

On seeing all the guests out in their Sunday finery, we recollected that it was Sunday. Emma dressed herself in her best and we had an elegant dinner topped off with a cold bottle, ordered by Uncle Frank, who then disclosed that this was his birthday.

In the evening we adjourned to the hotel lobby and here we learn that President McKinley is much worse and will probably die. A man named Prof. Moore who is at the head of some part of the U. S. Weather Bureau makes himself ridiculous and obnoxious by expressing in loud trumpet tones that he hoped the people would now go en masse to Paterson, N. J., and hang every man, woman and child that called themselves anarchists or socialists.

More anarchistic talk could not be heard anywhere and it plainly showed the bad results which arise from our method of appointing people to high offices because of political "pull" and no other consideration.

Chapter 7.

THE GRAND CANYON.

WE arise early and set out to ride along the Yellowstone River having for our objective point the Grand Canyon. The Yellowstone River sweeps majestically between deep cut banks.

The first sights of interest are the Ochre Springs, paint-pots of a yellow color. Then we come to a most curious phenomenon, a so-called Mud Volcano. A slimy-looking, slippery hill about thirty feet high which we ascend with considerable trouble. Before us opens what appears to be a crater in the bottom of which a mass of liquid mud surges violently back and forth. The odor is truly mephitic. It seems as though there were two streams of mud from opposite sides of the basin. While one is discharging the other subsides, and I presume no one has looked with admiration at this spectacle.

We now enter Hayden Valley, a beautiful valley which looks as though cultivation would render it most fertile. Here some years ago the government fenced in a large tract of land, storing in it great quantities of hay and feed, and then drove into the enclosure the remnants of buffalo herds which were still to be found roaming about the park. It was feared that the severe winters were the cause of their decimation, but in this case, to change an old saw, "Man proposes and buffalo disposes." When spring came on and the buffalo camp was visited it was found that they had all escaped in some mysterious manner as the fifteen feet-high stockade was entirely intact. The puzzle was solved by an old scout and hunter who explained that the deep

snow was drifted against one side of the stockade and that when it froze solid the buffaloes simply walked out. This was the last attempt at confining them in the park.

Another half hour's ride brings us to the wonderful mountain called "Sulphur Mountain" which at least on the surface is fully fifty per cent pure sulphur. We ride on and down into a valley where we scare up a herd of hundreds of antelope, the captain of the herd taking up the point of danger, the rear of the column. We follow these graceful animals for some distance before they scampered over a hill and were lost to sight.

We ride on and reach the upper falls of the Yellowstone Canyon. Here this mighty river throws itself one hundred and nine feet over the rocks down into the gorge. A very steep climb brings us out on a rock where a most magnificent view of these falls can be obtained.

We arrive at the Canyon Hotel at 12.30.

At this hotel we are given fine rooms fronting on the canyon andas, we are all tired we remain in them for a rest. Uncle Frank and myself repair to one of the rooms for a little chat leaving the hall door open when, who should walk up to it and peer in but Prof. Redneck who has been the bane of my life ever since we struck the park, but a scowl sends him off retreating into the distance. Emma was allowed to sleep for half an hour and then we set out in our wagon to view the canyon.

We first stop at the lower fall, three hundred eight feet high. We have seen the Niagara and have stood stricken with awe on its brink, but here we are entranced, not because the fall here is so much higher but because of the magnificent view which from this point spreads itself out before us for miles into the canyon. The dazzling chaos of color, the predominating splashes of yellow brown, running off into almost a black and then again a pure white. We travel by a steep path down close to the fall and there we sit and gaze in rapture at the panorama before us, and again we feel that it is good to be alive and good to be together and all agree it is one of the sights of our lives, perhaps the grandest. One could remain for days gazing into this

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grand chasm of color and find some new point of interest with every look.

We finally tear ourselves away and mount again to the top of the canyon and as we reach the plateau above a cowboy comes down a steep hill driving a herd of eight horses before him. Some are laden heavily and others are free of any burden. With dextrous circular movements of his horse he rides around the herd and gradually turns them closer together with all heads to one central point. A little further urging, the heads meet and the horses of necessity stand still almost wedged together and we have seen a genuine "round-up" as it is called in the Western vernacular, most skillfully carried out.

On inquiry we learn that the cowboy and his pack belong to a party who are going hunting south of the Yellowstone Park in the so-called "Jackson Hole Country".

We ride along the edge of the canyon and at times so close that it is apparently dangerous until we get to Point Lookout. A narrow path protected by a long rail leads to the point projecting into the canyon. Here a most beautiful view westward toward the lower falls is obtained. An old gentleman at this point volunteers the information that the canyon at this place is over two miles wide and as he had two grown up daughters with him I admitted that he

was right although I had the impression that it was not over two thousand feet wide. We rode on to Inspiration Point which affords a grander view than any other point at the canyon (if such a thing is possible).

I have read various descriptions of the Yellowstone Canyon and probably those of Kipling, Archibald Geike, the English geologist, and Upson are the best, but to me the description of the Japanese who looked at this Joseph's coat of the canyon walls is most expressive. He said, "They say my land is the land of the rising sun. for a million years this has been the land of the setting sun. Sunsets of the past are dissolved on these walls; they are the colors of all the Yesterdays."

We raise our hats for a final salute to the majestic scene and just then the tip of the loftiest pine which had been gilded with a level bar of fire lost it's light and we knew that this day also was swallowed in the mist with all the Yesterdays, but in our souls it has dissolved into undying glory that renders the walls of memory forever luminous.

In the gloaming we drive back to the hotel where we arrange our baggage so that the bulk of it can return to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel as from this point we intend leaving the traveled paths and strike Northeastward toward the so-called Buffalo Plateau. It is quickly settled that each of us will carry his own baggage on the back of his horse and we conclude to reduce this baggage to the minimum and it finally results in each taking along a night-shirt, tooth-brush and comb and brush.

While walking into the dining room we perceive the waiter at the table we were approaching turning the chairs around in his hand. It struck me as being a peculiar operation and after being seated I asked the waiter what the meaning of it was.

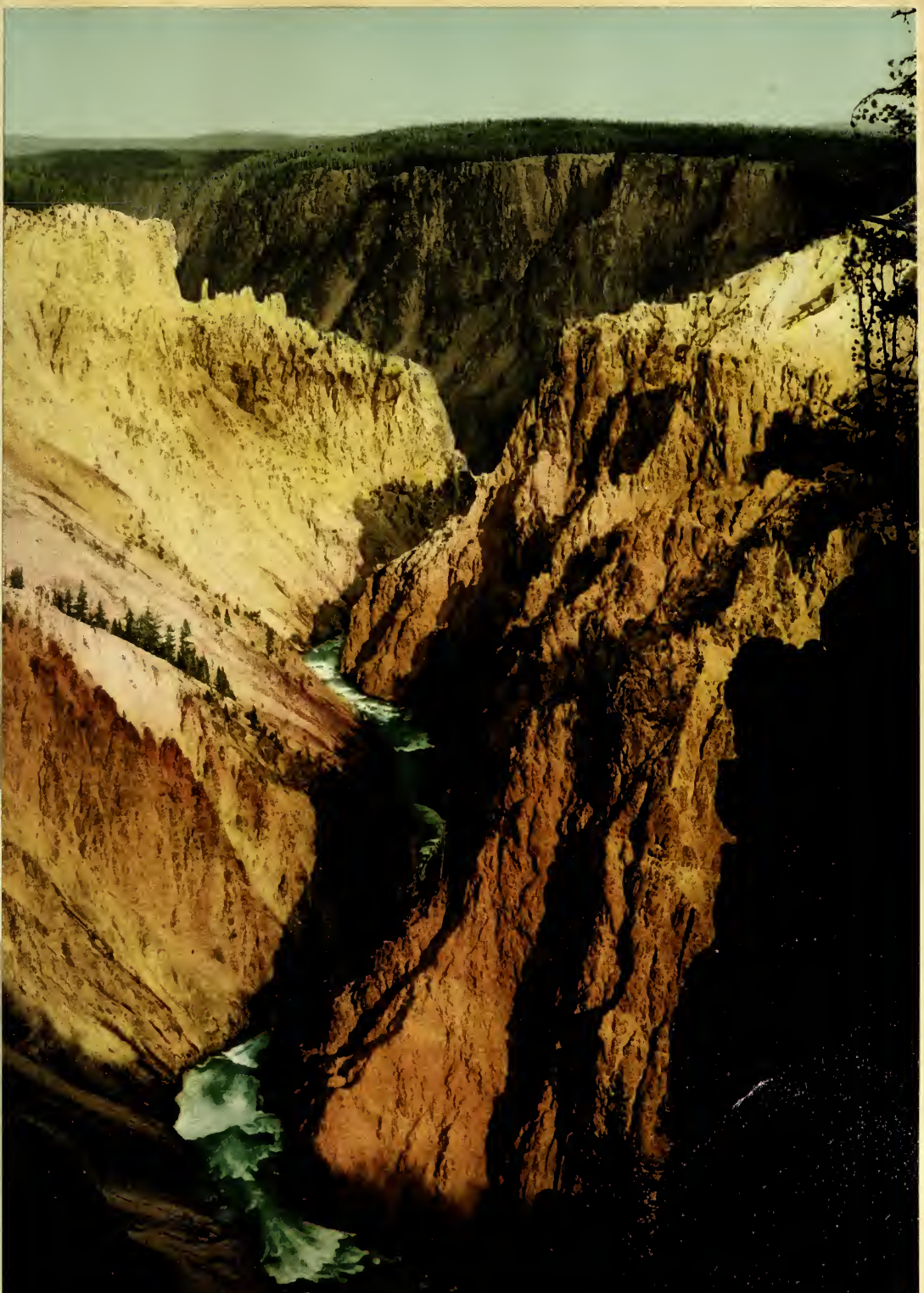
After some hesitation he said that he was trying to break the hoodoo as four parties had sat at that table and none of them had given him a tip. A promise that the chasm had worked and the hoodoo broken brought about most careful attention.

I arranged with the headwaiter, a portly colored gentleman to provide us with a lunch for our next day's ride as we will find no stopping place until night-fall. Wishing to surprise the party with a liberal lunch my written order was as follows:

1 large loaf of bread
12 hard-boiled eggs
12 slices of ham
12 slices of beef tongue
3 boxes of sardines
1 cup filled with butter
1 jar of pickles and a package each of pepper and salt.

To insure proper attention an extra two-dollar bill was pressed in the hand of the gentleman of color.

Walking out into the hall I meet my "Lady in Black" face to face, and wishing to say something clever to her I recited to her the first verse of Schiller's "Maedchen aus der fremde". She first listened with a surprised expression which gradually changed to a look which I interpreted



INSPIRATION POINT, CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

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as one of recognition and then she stammered blushingly and with pretty hesitation "It is so many years since I have studied french that I have forgotten most of it", and another prospective romance had passed into the gray and distant beyond.

Chapter 8.

MT. WASHBURN.

BRIGHT and early next morning we make our start to ascend Mt. Washburn, ten thousand feet high. The summit can be reached on horseback.

The trail runs at first almost directly north and then over the southern slope of Dunraven Peak, passing over the Continental Divide between that peak and Mt. Washburn. Some of our party see their first herd of elk. It then follows down the northern slope for about two miles and attaining the ridge turns south

and gradually ascends to the summit which is in plain sight after the ridge is reached. It is a steep climb and when we get to the top we find a strong wind blowing but the day is beautiful and clear. The Tower Creek country lies before us to the north. In the East stretches the region about the Canyon and to the south the mountains about the Yellowstone Lake loom in the distance.

We find a monument built of loose stones at the very apex and in a cleft discover a box which contains a number of cards on which the visitors have written their names and the state of the weather on the date of their presence. One of them recorded that in July that year this party was drinking water made from melted snow on the summit.

Leaving Mt. Washburn we lead our horses as we take a short cut which is very steep to reach Antelope Creek where we intend to water our horses and refresh ourselves.

When we reach the Creek we find it entirely dried up and Fitz informs us that the nearest water that we can now reach is three hours ride distant. This is the first time in our experience that we miss that refreshing fluid. It cast a spell over the entire party and no words were exchanged.

The horses, although all were sore from the hard ride up the mountain, were put into a brisk canter. We only stop a few minutes to observe a so-called Grouse fool hen that is sitting in the middle of the trail.

We continue for several hours until we reach Tower falls. Everybody rushes to the creek and takes a deep draught of the cold water out of an empty tomato can

which Uncle Frank has carried tied to his saddle. The horses are unsaddled and allowed to drink their fill and wander in the deep grass.

I, who had been carrying the bag that contained the lunch, opened it with a great deal of satisfaction. The first thing brought out was a large loaf of bread soaked in vinegar, next a lot of dust which on close examination proved to be the shells and contents of the dozen eggs, which had been powdered to a dust. Nothing else was found, no ham, no tongue, no sardines. Only a few more pickles, the vinegar from which had ruined the bread. We looked at one and another in despair and I expected that Uncle Frank would bring out his bottle of Painkiller, to soothe me but he did not understand my look and I went back of a fallen tree and laid down, figuratively speaking, kicking myself and wishing that the time before the war would return and I had an opportunity for a ten minutes seance with the negro headwaiter who had taken my two dollars. I dub the lunch a l'Africaine.

After returning to the party Fitz tried to sooth my ruffled spirits by telling me that I could not tell by the looks of the bag what it contained, adding, "You can't tell by the look of a package if its Baking Powder or Dynamite."

We use our saddles for pillows and all lie down for a rest when we suddenly hear a shout of exultation from Everett who has found a can of syrup in a cache. With this in our possesion we again look for our soaked bread and dipping it into the opened can we now have a real feast. Some claim that it is maple syrup but I assert that it is strained honey. It is difficult to tell which it is for it had been in the cache for some time and had turned slightly sour. I was proven correct the next day by having the hives.

Feeling rested, we climb up to look at Tower Falls and the Needles nearby. This point is the northern end of the Grand Canyon which is twenty miles long.

Tower Falls, about one hundred fifty feet in height, are guarded by stately sentinels of volcanic fragments resembling church spires. Some of these stand pillar-like and

are only accessible to the foolhardy climber. Nothing can be more chastely beautiful than this lovely cascade hidden away in the dim light of overshadowing rocks and woods, its very voice hushed to a low murmur, unheard at a distance of a hundred yards. Thousands might pass within a half mile and not dream of its existence; but once seen, it passes to the list of most pleasant memories.

On the opposite bank of the Yellowstone from the mouth of Tower Creek is an exposure of basaltic colums similar to the Giant's Causeway and Fingals Cave. Their appearance make it easy for Fitz to hoodwink some of the party by telling us that it was another buffalo fence.

We saddle our horses and ford Tower Creek and then make a very steep ascent, by far the steepest of the entire trip, and then ride for a mile along a precipice.

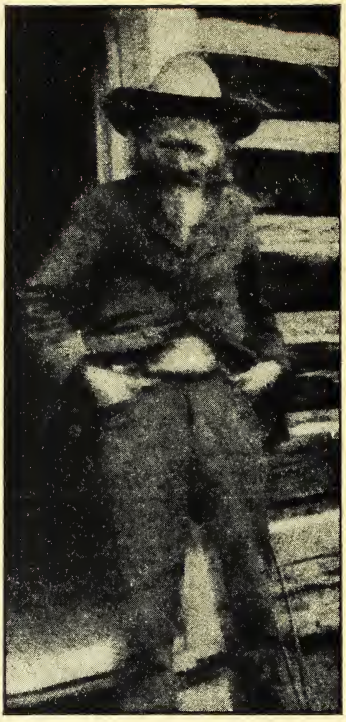
When we struck the smooth road we startled a herd of antelope which playfully kept from five hundred to one thousand feet ahead of us. It was interesting to observe how the captain of the herd would remain behind so as to apparently court the danger with which we threatened his protegees. He would stop perhaps a hundred feet this side of the herd and it would only resume its flight after receiving a signal from him. Finally with a defiant flirt of their tails they disappeared over a ridge.

During the entire day, since leaving Tower Falls we had been finding elk horns lying on the hillsides where they had been dropped the season before by the monarchs of these hills. The temptation was great to carry some back with us but a ten minutes carrying of one by Everett proved the burden to be too awkward and it was again thrown to the ground, there, to return to dust.

In the distance we notice a black hill which Fitz tells us is the "Yancey Butte". An inquiry as to the meaning of the word "Butte" brought the Yankee answer in the form of another question "Isn't it a beaut?"

Shortly after passing the Butte a fertile valley opens before us and the fences surrounding fields of a coarse green grass tell us that we are approaching human habitations and finally the collection of low log houses known as

"Yanceys" breaks upon the view. With a dash I think that every member of the party will admit that the dash was assumed as all were fatigued from the long laborious ride) we gallop up to the door of Yancey's office and dismount and are greeted by old man Yancey, "Colonel Yancey" as he is called by the settlers in that section and Uncle John as he is addressed by his immediate friends and subordinates. A visit to the Yellowstone would be incomplete unless Yancey's was included in the route. Originally from Kentucky he has been living in this section for many years and the most careful pumping fails to elicit dates from this typical Kentuckian. Small in stature, very lean, hollow chested, stoop shouldered, wearing his hair down on his shoulders, his face adorned with a drooping southern mustache and imperial whiskers, clothing anything but neat, but the hair at all times well oiled and carefully brushed. From his intimates we learn that he is over eighty years old and had come to this section as an Indian trader and finally located at this spot which the government later reserved as a park. Because of his right of priority he is the only man who is allowed to have his cattle roam about the park and keep dogs, all canines being rigidly excluded from the park excepting the two non-descript mongrels which own Uncle John as their master.



We are invited into his office which turns out to be the bar-room of his group of log houses. The bar itself is

of the most primitive nature, two barrels with a board top and on it stand a tin measure and three glasses which bore evidence that they had not been washed since the day they had left the shelves of the crockery store. But the whisky was good perhaps because of Yancey's assurance that he received it direct from "Old Kaintuck". With a "Here's how" the liquor is tossed off and then I call for another round insisting that an on-looker with a game leg who carries a dilapidated toothpick stuck in the band of his felt hat and who is addressed as "Bob" should partake with the party. The Colonel requests that the remaining water be emptied into the wash basin probably to save himself the trouble of getting a fresh supply from the spring.

The introduction is now supposed to be over and all the forms of Western politeness conformed with. The momentous question "Can we have something to eat" is put to the Colonel. "Wall, I Dunno! Mebbe you'd better go in yerself an ask the cook." With beating heart and a silver dollar held out before me as a peace offering I venture to invade the precinct of the queen of the kitchen. Covertly taking the profferred coin she agreed to hurriedly provide us with the best the house afforded and to improve the time we ask to be shown to our rooms. A pink cheeked little maid leads the way up a stairway of creaking, rough boards and when we reach the top announces that the lady and her husband, meaning me and my daughter can take Room No. 1. The little hallway in which we are standing is formed by undressed boards and the doors leading from it have large numbers marked upon them in chalk from one to five.

An inspection of the bed-rooms prove them to be large enough for a single bedstead with a box on which are wash-bowl, pitcher and part of a crash towel. Of the four window lights at least one was broken in every room. The cracks in the wall are pasted up with strips of newspaper. No. 1 being the bridal chamber was distinguished from the others by a four by six looking glass. The beds showed they were changed at least twice, once in the spring and once in the fall of each year. A little bribe on the side and a promise

to keep the act of criminality a secret from Uncle John induces the maid to provide us with clean sheets. The small looking glass in room No. 1 positively startled me for on looking into it I discovered that my left cheek was very much swollen. Upon feeling of it I made the discovery that the supposed swelling was caused by waves in the glass so I next day varied the monotony by turning the glass upside down which had the effect of reducing the swelling of the left cheek and instead transferred it to the right, much to my comfort of mind.

We are called down to our supper. Bacon and eggs were the main course. A taste of the eggs convinced all that they were of the kind known in the West as "pickled" so we turned to our bread and butter and after a taste we decided to dispense with the butter and dipped our bread into the honey, leaving the large Bermuda onions untouched on the table, promising ourselves a better breakfast when the cook would have had the time to prepare for us. It was astonishing to watch Fitz consume the immense quantities of bacon and "aigs" urging the party to "Pitch in and help themselves".

After supper we wandered out before the group of houses and then discovered that the fence around one of them was composed entirely of elk horns, which had been picked up in the mountains and plains in the neighborhood.

A search for a cigar brought me back to the office where Col. Yancey produced a box of cigars reserved for such of his visitors as came from the effete East. An inspection of the box showed that at least the name was intended for the West: "Red Rooster" made by Fee of Detroit.

A call for another drink around developed a characteristic of Uncle John, which was, that he never gave back any change. If a quarter was given him for a ten cent drink the customer had the privilege of taking two more drinks or go without the drinks or his change just as he chose.

Old Uncle John threw a horse-blanket next to the crackling stove, lighted a cigar and then stretched himself on his blanket. Before the stove on the only chair in the

room I sat puffing my Red Rooster and in the background seated on saddles were the dim figures of Fitz and Bob. The entire room derived it's light from a lantern standing upon the bar.

On being told by Uncle John that Bob was quite a singer he was finally coaxed to give us a song. It must have consisted of at least twenty verses but I have been able to retain the first only and it ran about as follows:

"My name is Joe Bower,
I've got a brother Ike,
I come from old Missouri,
Yes, all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left there
And how I came to roam
And leave my poor old Mammy
So far away from home."

The song was so pleasing that Bob was asked several times to "Licker up" which he did with rapidly diminishing backwardness and as the evening wore along without even an invitation. Fitz had advised me that Uncle John was full of old border tales but could rarely be brought to spin his yarns. Whether it was because he was more communicative than usual or because the conversation had been adroitly led into the right direction, at any rate, he began by telling of the battle of the Rosebud and the massacre of Custer and his forces by Sitting Bull and his braves.

He had personally warned Custer of the danger he was recklessly rushing into. He himself and a party of twenty-five scouts, trappers and traders had been for weeks in the same section continually surrounded by these same Indians but were not attacked because they guarded against occupying such a position as would give the Indians an advantage and according to his version they attacked only if such was the case.

From his positive assertions it was plain that he regarded Reno as a miserable coward who could have come to Custer's rescue at any time.

He then drifted off into tales of the Crow Indians with whom he had traded for many years and described

encounters of white men with parties of Indians. All his stories bore the stamp of truth.

Physical tiredness on my part made it necessary to break off the most interesting evening's entertainment and I retired to room number two.

The Chill of the night air which wafted in through the broken pane of glass caused me to forget that the bed covering was black with use and I drew it tightly around myself and dozed off but was suddenly awakened by the weird howl of a coyote.

Dropping off again I slept soundly until morning, when we were called for breakfast at about six.

Chapter 9.

A FISHING TRIP.

BREAKFAST was a repetition of the supper of the previous night but we had the honor of the company of Col. Yancey and the only difference to be observed in his appearance from the evening before being that his hair was still oilier if such a thing was possible.

Everett had brought along the can of syrup that he had found in the cache at Tower falls and we ate freely of the bread dipped in the syrup. Uncle John urged us to eat some of the raw Bermuda onions as according to his theory they were particularly healthful at breakfast "Bein good for the narvs".

Breakfast finished we made our selection of fish poles and started out and saw the rising sun.

We watched the rosy fingered Eos-daughter of the morn gild the towers and spires of stone, and leap from dome to dome and cliff to cliff.

We were doubly anxious to make a catch of fish so that we might have something palatable to eat. After we had ridden perhaps half a mile we saw standing in the centre of the road a herd of cattle, the bull being foremost. We told one another how mankind dominated over the animal kingdom by force of intellect, etc., etc., and with a perfect burst of speed waving our fish-poles in the air, we charged the herd of cattle but noticed that the bull, handsome fellow that he was, did not move from his tracks but lowered his head and defiantly waved his narrative in the air as if getting ready to charge. We suddenly stopped and gave him and his followers a wide berth. We all admitted his

courage but questioned his judgment. Shortly after we ran across a herd of antelope which quickly scampered away on our appearance. We strike the Lamar River and in fording it found that the entire bottom consisted of stones and boulders.

Emma and Everett rode ahead of us and suddenly a bunch of soldiers passed us on a gallop. The advance riders of our party hearing the rapid hoofbeats supposed that we were trying to pass them and let out their horses. Emma, whose Bird touched the road in high spots only soon left Everett behind and it was only after a long ride that she pulled up her horse and the soldiers caught up to her.

Our horses although perspiring freely from the sharp ride to this point were allowed to drink of the icy cold water of a creek to their hearts content, it being a curious fact that these mountain horses seemed to feel no ill effects from such indulgence while their better favored brethren in the East would be ruined for life if allowed to indulge similarly.

The road now slopes gradually until we reach Slough Creek (Slue Creek as it is pronounced by Fitz).

Coming to a finely wooded spot of scrub poplar and aspens we dismount and stripping our horses of saddles and bridles allow them to forage for themselves in the deep buffalo grass which is very luxuriant in this valley.

Each of the party is given a hook: Fitz carrying the book of hooks and flies in his pocket and we all set out to catch grasshoppers which we are told are the best bait for the trout in this stream. Fortunately the grasshoppers were plentiful and each of the party selects what appears to him a most desirable spot for fishing.

One of my friends (David Tilt, of Chicago) had made me a handsome pair of knee boots and I felt that I was perfectly safe and waded into the rapid running stream. A careless step and the water-proof boots were filled by the icy water running in at the top.

Casting for full half an hour by this method convinces me that some other plan would have to be followed or the fishing would be fruitless. Wandering up the creek I espied

Uncle Frank who had come in this direction looking for a favored spot and for some time one blamed the other for frightening away the fish.

I finally saw a magnificent salmon trout leisurely approaching my grasshopper and with a rush he took the bait. Playing him for a few minutes I gradually worked him toward the shore, falling down the steep embankment during the excitement and landing on hands and feet in the water but on recovering myself find my prey still tugging at the hook. With a great deal of caution I again work him toward the shore but when attempting to land him he slipped off the hook and disappeared.

Very much chagrined I again baited the hook and scarcely credited my senses on seeing my old time victim heading for his second meal. He again took the hook with a rush and the same maneuver was repeated, only excepting the fall from the embankment. The second attempt to land him met with the same result as before, he simply seemed to drop off the hook. Drawing in the line and examining the hook I find that the barb had in some way been broken off. Searching through all my pockets I discovered that it was the only hook that I had with me and instead of Sheridan it was Fitz with the hooks who was two miles away. I sat down on the bank, cussed just a bit and then enjoyed the rippling of the stream hurrying on its way to the Yellowstone River.

Uncle Frank at this time hove in sight and while telling him just how it had happened and where it had happened I suddenly again caught sight of Mr. Speckled Beauty who had done so much to bring discomfiture upon me.

The water was as clear as crystal and every motion of this prince could be observed. We both ran for the prairie in quest of more grasshoppers which fortunately were soon gotten and hurrying back to our observation point there he still stood, scarcely moving a fin and looking around for food. Uncle Frank dropped in his luscious locust and it was tantalizing to see with what disdain the previous greedy chap looked at the hook. He would rise and snap at twigs and dry leaves floating down the current but seemed

to pay no attention to the bait which was dangled before him in the most alluring manner. finally it occured to Uncle frank to skip the grasshopper over the surface of the water and the ruse was successfull; with a rush he took the grasshopper and Uncle frank who does not believe in wasting time even playing a trout, jerked him out of his watery element, throwing him at least ten feet into the brush.

We spent much time in admiring what I advisedly call "our catch". from that time on good fortune seemed to follow Uncle frank and he soon added five more equally large salmon trout to his string.

We rejoined our party and found that Everett had caught one small trout and Emma none.

After luncheon I again adopted my wading tactics: I caught no fish when I waded; caught none when I stood on the bank and so yielded to the pleasure of feeling the ineffectual efforts of the creek to sweep me off my feet. finally rejoining the party on the shore I dangled my hook in the water and was awakened from a revery by a tug at the end of the line. Jerking the line "sans ceremonie" I landed a little four inch trout which becoming disengaged from my barbless hook, fell on the sand and Uncle frank wishing to give him a little longer lease of life pushed him into a puddle of water.

It growing dark we decided to return, and hunted for my fish. We found it almost impossible to capture him in the puddle and it took all the perseverance of Uncle frank and myself to finally secure a slimy looking little fish.

Catching our horses which had found good pasturage close by we saddled them and in the exuberance of my spirits riding behind Uncle frank I prodded "Kate" with my fishpole. She having had a good night and day rest made strenuous efforts to get out of my reach. Uncle frank congratulated himself that his kind treatment of his mount had so encouraged her that she was rapidly developing into a free going saddle-horse.

Taking a different route from the one we had come we passed what is known as the "fossil forest". We were

much tempted to make the steep climb up to it but Fitz informed us that we would the next day see the best specimens of petrified trees in the park.

On Emma's asking what the fossil forest really was he told her that it consisted of petrified trees on the branches of which sat petrified birds. Up to this point she had listened most credulously but when he added that they were singing petrified songs she turned her back on him with a sniff which caused him, the hearty souled old fellow, to give vent to a boyish, prolonged roar.

Arriving at Yancey's we hurriedly deposited our fish with the cook. Uncle Frank gave strict instructions that they be fried, as according to him, only fried fish are fit to eat. When the meal was cooked we all went in to supper but a disappointed look appeared on every face after tasting the handsome brown fried fish. They had been fried in the wagon grease butter and the flavor of that article was substituted for that of freshly caught trout. Fortunately not all our catch had been fried and the cook was requested to fry the balance with bacon next morning for breakfast.

I had told the party of the interesting evening spent with Uncle John in his office and so all adjourned to it after supper. The Kentucky Red Eye was set out on the bar and the box of Red Roosters next to it and we settled down for our evening's entertainment.

I had discovered a handsome pair of antlers lying in a corner of Yancey's enclosure and tried to persuade him to sell them to me but as they belonged to an engineer, who he expected would return, he did not feel at liberty to do so.

Quite a strong wind had blown up in the meantime and we heard it howling about the log house.

Yancey's entire settlement consisted of three log houses and a log barn some distance away. Only one of the log houses was two-storied and not one of them was over twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide.

Upon Uncle John telling us of the visitors he occasionally had, he was asked how many he could take care of; he replied that on a pinch he could accomodate one hundred and fifty, although he had never been called on to provide for

that many. He not being a provident man, no great imposing hay-stacks were visible and the question still remains, where would he put them?

I had taken off my boots and was holding them in all sorts of positions before the crackling stove, in my attempt to dry them, and had just gotten Yancey started telling about when he first began trading with the Crow Indians when suddenly the door opened and followed by a gust of wind a man stumbled into the room. Fitz gave the door a kick, when it flew shut and was just as suddenly burst open again and in stumbled another man. Both of them instinctively headed for our saddles which were lying in heaps on the floor and squattet down on them. With many a course about the weather, the wind, the road and themselves and the rest of creation they opened the conversation.

Fitz quietly motioned to Emma and they departed followed by Uncle Frank and Everett. I was hindered from doing likewise by not being able to get on my wet boots. I sat quietly when I was suddenly accosted and asked to join the party in "lickering up". Uncle John and Bob accepted the invitation to "licker up" but I politely refused. Next, with diverse oaths came a request from the partner to take a smoke then. Having a freshly lighted cigar in my mouth I refused but instantly regretted having refused both invitations, as at that minute, I re-called that it was one of the playful pastimes of these gentle sons of the Woolly West to make tenderfeet who had refused invitations to drink or had otherwise made themselves disliked, dance, by shooting at their feet.

With a significant intonation of the voice they in unison asked one another, "Whats the matter with that fellow?", when Bob who evidently knew what was coming, walked up to one and jabbing an out-stretched finger into his chest said, "Say! Hide Bound Hannigan, the gent don't want to drink, see! and when the gent don't want to drink he don't have to, see" and then turning to the other and with the same jab in the ribs continued, "Say, Pie-Mouthed Pete, the gent don't want to smoke, see! and if the gent

don't want to smoke he don't have to, see, and no fellow can make him drink while I am around, see!"

By this time I had managed to get my boots on and arose and with a very polite good-night stepped out of the door closely followed by Bob who invited me to visit him at his shanty which was only a few rods distant. With gratitude toward him in my heart I willingly accepted and followed his lead along the pitch dark path.

Arriving at his shanty he lighted his candle which was set in the top of a bottle and pushing off some articles of clothing from the only chair for me he squatted himself on the top of the bed.

I asked him what he was doing in this part of the country and how he had come to locate here. Suddenly dropping his rough language he from then on spoke in correct English telling me that he was the son of a minister. (Later on I learnt that a majority of the no-accounts in the West claim to be either sons or relatives of ministers, they evidently feeling that such a relationship gives them distinction and entitles them to some respect for their relationship at least.) Continuing he related that he had taken up gambling for a living. He had gradually become addicted to drink and in the hopes of breaking off had hired out to the U. S. government for one year to take care of some horses which were herded at this point. He had only five more months to serve and he felt well satisfied with the mastery he had obtained over his desire for drink. from his exhibition at Yancey's office I would not have concluded that he had made any progress but he thought he had and he ought to have known. He ended by saying that when his year was over he would lead a respectable life. I asked him what he intended to take up for his livelihood, he answered, "Gambling, of course, but I will give up drinking". Bringing out a box he handed me a pair of new socks. On my thanking him and drawing my wallet for the purpose of paying him he insisted that I should accept them as a gift; and added that he had heard me ask Yancey for his pair of elk horns and that he had decided to give me a pair, suiting his actions to his words he climbed up a

ladder into the attic of his log-house and passed down a pair of handsome antlers, as fine a pair as I had ever seen. I told him that I would willingly pay him for them but he insisted that I should receive them as a gift, adding further that he would take them to Gardiner for me (which was at least thirty miles distant) the next time he rode there.

I asked him why he was so exceedingly generous with me and he told me that it was because of my insisting that he join our party in taking a drink when we first arrived at Yancey's. "Generally", said he, "City people pay no attention to a' low down cuss like me and I tell you I appreciated your invitation". I thanked him but am frank to say that I little expected to receive the horns, but weeks after arriving home in Detroit the horns arrived carefully crated and I value them for the memory of my stop at Yanceys.

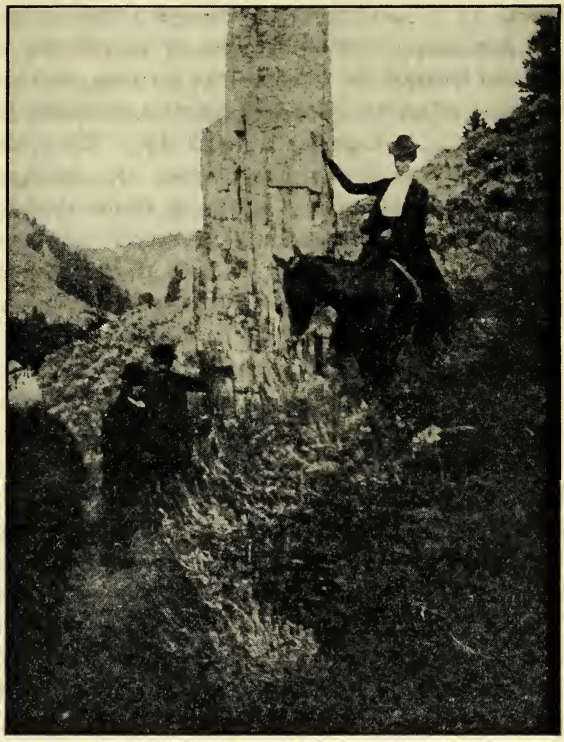
I incidentally asked Bob what he thought the reason for Yancey's longevity. He replied that he supposed they had not got hell hot enough for the old man yet.

The next morning after a breakfast, which was simply a repetition of the other meals had at Yancey's, we made an early start. A steep climb starting in directly back of Yancey's brings us to two petrified trees which stand all alone on the side of the hill. The larger one is three feet in diameter and the trunk about twenty feet high.

The entire tree to the core has turned into a many hued stone. Both below and on both sides some little distance away a young growth of trees is springing up, showing that the soil at least on the top is still capable of growing trees and my explanation is that these older trees in sending their roots down sufficiently far struck a vein of water which is strongly impregnated with calcium and that this water after the trees had died off had continued to mount up into the tree, because of capillary attraction, and the water evaporating left a deposit of stone.

"In ages gone these olden trees
Perchance o'erlooked some inland seas
Whose rippling waves

Bore on their flood some unknown race.
Who had their season, time and place
Now in their graves —
Yet still they cast their shadows down
Like ancient warriors grim and brown".



The horses had exerted themselves so severely in reaching this point that Emma's horse "Bird" lay down with her on his back. We all dismounted and lead our horses back to the roadway which ascends steadily until we reach the "Undine falls", to obtain a view of which we climbed out upon a projecting crag.

Beyond here the road steadily descends and this continuous descent is more tiresome for both rider and horse than are the climbs.

We reached the Mammoth Hot Springs at 1.30 P. M. and this ends our ride. Our baggage had gone before us and all went in for a hot bath and then exchanged our corduroy suits for the regulation traveling clothes.

We are all anxious to get away from this hotel and make arrangements to have ourselves and baggage conveyed to Cinnabar. After a hasty supper wie depart . . . Our driver being a lanky, sour-faced looking individual, who, as we soon discover, is under the influence of liquor which in him took the persecution form. Everybody was down on him and "some day they would wake up and find he had done them up." His horses were worth their weight in gold but they were tired and the stage company in their desire to persecute him had forced him to take them out again after having gone twenty miles that day. The evening was dark and we all felt relieved when we struck Gardiner as from this on the road was level and there was less fear of our meeting with an accident.

While passing through this place we were hailed by our old Fitz who had preceded us and with a hearty handshake we parted from our efficient guide.

Our train left Cinnabar at nine o'clock and we bade good-bye to the Yellowstone Park, a description of which would fill a book and every page would have his picture, since no written words can describe the wonders of this land of wonders. They are not just here and there, but every where. In all of the more than one hundred miles of ride there is not a weary mile among them; not a monotonous minute; of the geysers there is not one that is like the others, of the translucent pools their waters are many-hued and each seeming more prismatic in its beauty than the others. The scenic splendor of mountain and valley views is unsurpassed in all this broad land and like a picture of almost sublime grandeur it opens to another in that grandest of all, the Grand Canyon, the spreading waters of the lake hemmed in by giant mountains finds one outlet only in the rushing waters that go on forever.

The Park is our National Museum of Natural History and is filled with volcanic foot-prints of the Pliocene period.

"To the open ear it sings
Sweet the genesis of things
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet and warm."

Chapter 10.

INTO MONTANA.

HE train had been lying at a siding at Logan until 8:30 in the morning when we changed cars for Butte, Montana, as we have a desire to see what is known as the toughest city in the United States. We arrive there at eleven o'clock on friday, the 13th of September. En route we pass through some of the wildest boulder country that we have yet seen.

Between Logan and Butte we ride along the Missouri River and one involuntarily asks himself how such a clean river can during its life time get so dirty as it is at St. Louis for instance, and if one has any talent for moralizing he will probably immediately draw a comparison between this son of the hills and many sons of human beings.

At last the hills open and we are in a wide plateau entirely surrounded by cone shaped hills, no tree, no shrub, neither garden, nor field, nor meadow in this plain. Through the sand the dirty water of the copper mines sickers, which are up the walls of these hills, the city starting at the foot of them and over the whole a cloud of smoke and sulphur fumes hovers.

If the surface of the earth does not afford humanity a means for life it gets it out of the ground and here thousands go down into the mines and out of hundreds of shafts copper, silver and gold ore is brought up and carried to the smelting works.

The city of Butte has four smelters and still over five thousand tons of ore are sent daily to the thirty mile distant Anaconda where one of the greatest copper smelters

of the world is located belonging to the Amalgamated Company, at the head of which is Senator Clark.

We take a carriage and drive to a first class restaurant where an exceptionally good meal is served and then drive through the city. It makes a most peculiar impression. The main street has on it some very fine business edifices and right adjoining them some tumble down frame buildings. The best built up business block in the city has eight saloons so that at least every third building is occupied by a "Cheer Dispensary." One of them bore the following inviting sign in the window, "No rubbernecks wanted in here."

We then drove to the so-called Heinze Smelter; at the office we obtained permission to go through it, which was quite interesting but the odor of Chlorine was positively suffocating and affected Emma's throat so badly that we hurried to get out of the neighborhood. We think back to the visit with especial interest as it was this man Heinze who broke the price of the Amalgamated Copper Mines Co., the stock decline of which had such a disastrous effect on one of our Detroit banks.

We are driven along the residence street. On one of the finest corners is built the palace of Sen. Clark, one of the very wealthiest men in the Northwest. Nearby is the only tree in the city of Butte and although dead, that tree is so great a curiosity that pictures of it are sold at the newsstands.

At four P. M. we took the Oregon Short line for Salt Lake City which is four hundred eight miles directly south of Butte and takes us through the entire state of Idaho. At Lima we pass through the Rocky Mountains and arrive at Salt Lake City at seven in the morning.

At the depot we were met by Messrs. Effinger and Jeffs, friends of the Pingrees, who took us in carriages to a restaurant which was conducted by Mormons. Effinger's order was for "two clucks and a grunt", and it was with a great deal of curiosity that we awaited the result of this odd Western order. The explanation was plain when the waiter brought two fried eggs and a rasher of bacon.

We were driven to the Kenyon hotel which is also conducted by Mormons. We later walked around the Temple and Tabernacle, admired the wide streets, the house which Brigham built for Eliza and were particularly struck by the odd position of the statue of him which stands at the intersection of the corners which are graced respectively, by the Temple and the Bank of Zion. Brigham faces the Bank holding out his hand and has his back turned to the temple with his face slightly turned toward what was once the home of Eliza and a superficial observation of life among the Mormons seems to present a peculiar admixture of commercialism, love and religion.

We learn that the church of Zion has competition by the Methodists and Episcopalians.

There is one lodge of free Masons and I was proud to learn that the Masons had done one of those real things by founding and keeping up a public library.

The first domestic manufacture introduced into the Mormon settlement was the tanning of leather; and to this leather was given the distinctive title of "Valley Tan" it being tanned in the valley. As other articles were made by the isolated people, each was called "Valley Tan" to distinguish it from the imported article and perhaps naturally even the first newspaper was called the "Valley Tan".

As on this day the grand organ in the tabernacle was to play in memory of the dead President McKinlay we hurried in so as to secure good seats which we did in the gallery. The description of the tabernacle has often been written and I will only take time to say that it was built in the early days of mormonism in what was then a desert, under the greatest difficulties. It is roughly egg-shaped and the acoustic is truly wonderful.

Music was rendered by a choir accompanied by the organ and was truly inspiring. The organ had notes such as I had never heard before, for instance, a clear baritone and a very sweet soprano and it was most difficult to distinguish at times whether the volume of sound came from the choir or the organ.

In the afternoon we took a railroad ride to the celebrated Salt Lake. Upon its shore has been built a very large frame structure which is entirely devoted to amusements. The second floor is one vast expanse and is the dancing floor, probably the largest area in the United States devoted to this form of amusement.

We sat on the veranda overlooking the beautiful lake out of the center of which rises a magnificent rocky island. The lake is surrounded by towering mountains except to the westward of "Saltair" (the name of the place of amusement) and here the view loses itself in the Great Salt Lake desert.

It is interesting to observe women going into the water where it is only a few feet deep, lying flat upon it and remain floating without any effort. The effort becomes necessary however when they wish to regain their feet which can only be done with the greatest difficulty.

Returning it was our intention to visit a mine called "The Ophir" which is located in southern Utah on the border of Nevada.

Mr. Lathrop of the mine speculating firm of Lathrop and Effinger accompanied us. We took the train in the evening for Modena which is two hundred eighty six miles south of Salt Lake City and arrived there early next morning.

In the evening on the train we played a game of pedro with Lathrop and a brother-in-law of Effinger, who is a Lake Superior miner. The luck of the Detroit contingent was simply phenomenal. To this must be added the poor playing of the others. The stakes of the game were for one dollar a corner and as payment was made in cartwheel dollars our pockets soon bulged. Our host and his partner grew suspicious of our luck and it was amusing to observe how closely they watched our every move. It was absolutely necessary for us to intentionally lose some games and at one point when a dispute arose I decided against Uncle Frank and this seemed to effectually disarm their suspicion. At no time during the days that followed did any of that contingent suggest another game.

There were no accomodations for eating on the train and on our arrival at Modena in the gray of the morning we looked around for some hospitable caravansary. Lest Modena be given an importance that it does not deserve let me tell you that it consists of a water-tank, a low rambling freight shed and three or four typical Western frame-houses, of course innocent of paint. One of them we were directed to, as being the "Eating-house".

Uncle Frank took the lead and with a bland and would-be persuasive smile addressed the barearmed landlady who presided over the kitchen stove with a small child in her arm. To his question whether we might have breakfast she replied in an indifferent she "reckoned we might".

Off the dining room was a room which showed two or three beds in the greatest possible disorder and the odor that pervaded the house can only be produced in a section where bathtubs are unknown, water scarce and the people obliged to herd together.

We were all glad to get out into the fresh air again and took our seats in a covered democrat wagon. By this time the sun had risen and it had turned quite warm, so when the driver began to fasten up a heavy leather apron, we protested but he assured us that we would soon see the usefulness of the apron and before fifteen minutes had passed we had entered upon one of those desolate Western deserts. The sand rolled up in bucketfuls and in spite of the leather apron it entered the vehicle through every crevice and we were soon covered with it.

What makes this sand more unpleasant than ordinary is the alkali which it contains and which causes the eyes to smart and the lips to chap.

About ten miles from Modena we came upon a lone house backed against the foothills of a chain of hills fairly well covered with timber. We were told that this had been the habitation of one of those Western heroes of romance that had in former days exacted toll from the unwilling traveler. His house stood alongside of the only trail and the woods and hills behind it offered a refuge in case of pursuit. We where much interested in the story of this

western Dick Turpin. The hills are the foothills of the Wahsatch mountains. Water is nowhere to be seen and the railroad company was forced to lay a pipe fifteen miles through the desert for the purpose of supplying the water-tank at Modena.

When first one looks upon the desert it is most desolate and forbidding but even as it is railroads are being built across this as well as the other American deserts, and none can bar human activity. Mines are being opened and land is being reclaimed by irrigation. In all the West, look as you will, you will find no desert more pitifully forlorn, more deserted, more irreclaimable, and more worthless than the man-made deserts of Northern Michigan, where fire has followed the heedless lumberman and spread a black and littered waste hundreds of square miles in extent, where once grew a splendid green forest of pine.

One is beautiful with the perfected grandeur into which nature molds even the most unpromising material; the other is hideous, grotesque, pitiful, a reminder of the reckless wastefulness of man.

The natural desert, indeed, abounds in a strange and beguiling beauty of its own, that lays hold upon a man's spirit, perhaps rudely at first, yet with a growing fascination that, once deeply felt, forever calls and calls the wanderer home again. In the spells that it weaves over a man it is like the sea: the love of the sailor for his life is not more faithful than that of those bronzed silent riders of the desert for the long, hot stretches of their open land.

From a car-window the desert seems a monotone, in gray or red-brown, without character, without passion or purpose, and it suggests an endless continuation of monotony with dust forever blowing, and glaring white sunshine, its scant vegetation curious and repellant, its animal life fierce or repulsive; but seen closely, seen with the heart, a whole new world will open to you, the desert will take you to itself and teach you great, calm, wonderful things, and you will never again be free from its thrall. Underneath what seems a monotone in gray or brown lies splendid coloring and action; what at first suggests poverty, proves

a wealth of life, which is forever disclosing new wonders. And, note the pioneers, find miners delving in the earth for gold, see herders setting up their windmills; engineers making water levels, and railroad contractors spinning their threads of steel where no man dreamed of living, and you will feel as you have never felt before, and your heart will throb with the pride of it, this splendid human energy and patience and determination. Here men separate themselves from their homes, from the society of women, they suffer thirst and hardship and the crying wonder of it all is that these are ordinary men, good and evil, weak and strong, who have no idea that they are heroic, who would laugh at the suggestion that they are more than earning a living, making a little money for themselves, and hoping to make more in the future. Yes! the time has come when humanity will not tolerate deserts.

Chapter 11.

DOWN INTO A MINE.

HE road starts winding up a narrow valley through the center of which runs the bed of a creek that in the spring of the year or after rain storms deserves the name although at present not a drop of water can be found in it.

Now we come to our first house, a miner's hut and finally a number of one-story buildings huddled together and we are at Stateline. A few general stores seem to be the center of attraction for each has its group of men in overalls and cowhide boots lounging before it. No matter how indolent they may appear each is busy chewing his quid of tobacco and somebody suggested that it was probably the cud of reflection.

We continue through the village and at the extreme end a Hebrew has just opened a small clothing store, not larger than 20 by 30 feet but I presume that two years after he will occupy one of the two stores in the center of the village and will have added a general line of merchandise to his original stock of goods.

Clattering down the roadway come two horses and as they draw near they pull off to one side of the road to let us pass by and we discover that the riders are two Indian children, a boy and a girl. They have blankets drawn around their forms and over their heads and the black, sparkling eyes look furtively at us.

Across the withers of their horses they had vessels suspended that attract our attention. They are well, almost artistically shaped and made of withes and are covered in-

side and out with resin. The handles are braided from the long tailhairs of horses. We try to buy a couple of these primitive but ingenious water receptacles but cannot induce the children to part with them.

The children belong to the Nawjo tribe and have ridden miles to come thus far for water which is said to remain cool and palatable for a long time in vessels of this description.

Weeks afterward we were delighted to receive two of the vessels from Everett who succeeded in buying them from some of the grown-up Indians.

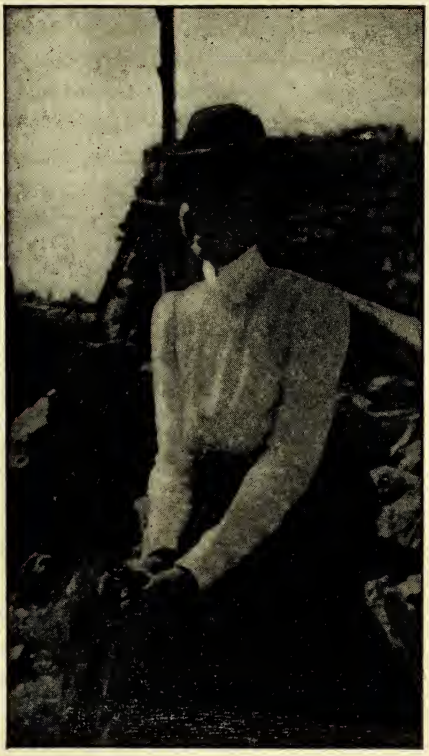
Shortly after we came across several vaquerros, the Spanish name for cattle drivers or cowboys. The people in this section have changed this Spanish name to suit their tongues and call them "Buckeroos".

We finally made a steep ascent which taxed the strength of our horses and pulled up at a new building which we are told is the office and here we are to sleep, Uncle Frank and I occupying a bed together.

After a thorough washup which removes the dust from eyes and ears we wander up among the tents that constitute

the Ophir Mining Camp to the eating house and Uncle Frank and I sit down to view the beauty of the scenic panorama, stretched out before us. Up the center of the valley a tortuous road loses itself among the hills and at our right rises Government Peak, one of the highest peaks in these mountains.

Presently Emma und Everett appear on the road mounted on two broncbos, Emma sitting astride as usual. Instead of taking the path which leads zigzag up the mountain they ride straight at it and up it and finally reach the top, so high up that we can scarcely distinguish them. They come straight down as they went up and arrive in time to join us as we enter the eating house which in cleanliness and perfect appointments surpasses anything we might have expected in this out of the way place. Long tables covered with clean, white wax cloth are set with clean, solid dishes, and bright looking, comely young women place before us good, wholesome, palatable food and we thoroughly enjoy our meal, particularly as we contrast it with the breakfast had at Modena.



We clambered up a hill, the sides of which showed it to consist largely of small broken pieces of rock, a white gray in color which we were told contained the metal because of which this mine had been dug and a mill built.

Pieces of a dark gray hue were pointed out as being most valuable for silver.

Nearby in a shed stands the engine looking weak and particularly loose and out of joint. A wire which on its appearance would have been condemned by an elevator inspector, led to a hole in the ground called "shaft". A whistle from someone set the engine in motion and with creak and groan there appears at the surface what I would call an iron bucket with a lid to it, but which the bystanding miners pronounce a "skip".

Going down a mine is a serious and solemn business, something like getting married. I thought of explosions, cave-ins, skip rope breaking, etc., and sat down to think it out and will admit my enthusiasm diminished rapidly. The sarcastic urging of Uncle Frank and Emma finally got me into a mental condition of beautiful indifference and when Schwarz, the big fat engineer of a Lake Superior coppermine who was also a visitor clinched their argument by pronouncing the wire cable strong enough to hold a half dozen men, I gave my hat a vicious cock over the left eye, pointed my

cigar to the northwest and called for a box which was put in the skip for me to sit upon, and clambered in and then recollected that this was like a trip to purgatory — tickets sold only one way — and felt like crawling out and braving the ridicule and chaff, but a look from Uncle Frank caused me to duck and beg the onlookers to close down the cover on me, which was done and then came the most severe shock of all when I ascertained that three passengers were going to stand on the cover, among them the obese and jolly Schwarz. A whistle, and down we go with a whirr and I feel that in a world where men go down into mines there is no time for resentment. Straight down three hundred feet and through the crack of my cage I see lights flitting by until we stop with a sudden thump and I breathe a sigh of relief as I know we have reached the bottom. I crawl out and would not have been surprised to see the River Styx roll by.

We are in a square room say 20 by 20 with a miniature railroad track running off to one side. While waiting for the rest of the party I observe that the air is like May and as my eyes grow accustomed to the dim light that little narrow streets branch off the room and down one I see distant dancing lights.

Here comes our party and with them the mine boss, Capt. Sammie. He looks like a highwayman but we find out later he is a Baptist deacon and plays the organ up at the big camp tent. We follow the lead of the Captain and wisely inspect ceilings and walls until we come to a group of men who are loading a small truck, the wheels of which run on the rails I had seen in the shaft room.

The Captain introduces some of these miners and one of them, his face diffused with smiles, extends his hands to Uncle Frank with a would-be familiar or perhaps better, family air. The matter later appears simple when we learn that this is the father of Katy. Katy? well, Katy is the Belle of the Mine and our young friend Everett is accused of having been suggestively friendly with Katy, so much so that her father felt himself as one of our family circle when with us. The young scamp hesitatingly and blushingly

denies the soft impeachment and his father turns on him a sad, reproachful look but after we had seen Katy, smiling and happy and pretty enough to be remarked in any company, the Papa, who is a connoisseur, admitted the son's good taste, although still questioning his judgment.

We keep on walking into one stope and then another, lose all sense of direction and fairly bewildered finally find ourselves back in the shaft room.

I again step into my cage, the cover shuts with a "bang" and up we go, slowly, then faster and stop with a jerk. I step out on the ground and gaze around, the sun shines brightly and I walk over to the engine house and greet the engineer as I would a long lost brother.

We now decide to visit the mill which is placed on the other side of the valley with a tramway leading to it and

arranged for the convenient transportation of the ore from the mine to the mill. The mill is almost completed and looks like a large plant compared with the small mine. Since then it has developed that because of

lack of water the mill can only be operated for a short time during each year and it would now seem as though the owners of the mine had built a boat before being certain that they had a navigable stream to float it on.

We wander back to the eating-house and then to the office where we sit out on the porch and in the early part of the evening amuse ourselves by firing with a Winchester rifle at bottles and other tempting marks. It grows too dark for further sport in this direction and we continue sitting out in the cool of the evening and observe the myriads of stars that seem to twinkle within reach above us. During such starlight nights one best observes the clearness of this western atmosphere, the heavens appear to be fairly studded with jewels.

Next morning, Sunday, we go up to the eating-house for breakfast just in time to sit down with a shift of the miners who have concluded their work.

After a little we wander up among the tents where the miners live and on looking into the largest one we find that it is a sort of an assembly room. An organ

stands on one side but like many other things at the Ophir mine it is out of whack.

We urge one of the miners who is said to have a good voice to give us a song which he does and sings for us a spirited Cornish air, "Tom Pierce". Emma sings her favorite Lullaby song for them and as an encore sings "Baby's boat, the Silver Moon". The applause she gets is probably as enthusiastic and honest as she has ever received and I am proud of the democratic spirit which she evinced.

We had heard of a shooting affray which had taken place shortly before at the village and got the story from the boys at the mine who were spectators of the drama.

Some years before a western tough had drifted into Stateline who gave his name as Tom Hedges and shortly proved himself one of those western terrors by being handy with his gun when under the influence of liquor and on days when it became known that Tom Hedges was on a spree the sole street of Stateline was deserted, men talked in whispers and women hushed their crying children by threatening that Tom Hedges would come and on such days he held undisputed sway through the village.

During the late months of this summer a stranger had drifted into town, applied for work at the mine and received it. A quiet, unassuming soft spoken man, who called himself Jim Glendenning.

On a previous Sunday the boys had gathered and taken up one of their customary Sunday sports, which was that of shooting at marks with their revolvers. At this play Tom Hedges had until now been master.

Glendenning was urged to take part but declined with the remark that shooting at a stationary target was a waste of ammunition. On being further pressed he offered to shoot with anyone of the crowd at a moving mark as for instance a can thrown into the air. Tom Hedges challenged him and the sport began. A can was thrown into the air and Hedges struck it before it fell to the ground. Another can was thrown up and Glendenning struck it twice before it came to earth. Hedges viciously insisted upon another trial which he essayed but failed intirely.

This seemed to enrage him and he muttered that he would get even and if it was gun play that Glendenning wanted he should get it.

The miners crowded around Glendenning and urged him to disappear for the day and that over night Tom Hedges' wrath would subside. He refused to retreat and suddenly from the edge of the crowd a shot was fired which struck Glendenning's arm. The crowd parted and there stood Hedges, his face inflamed and distorted with passion. Glendenning instantly fired and before Hedges struck the ground three more shots sounded and Tom Hedges rolled lifeless down the incline.

Glendenning cooly put up his gun and took his departure for the county seat where he gave himself up to the sheriff.

The doctors held an autopsy on Tom Hedges and all four bullets were found to have entered his heart.

Jim Glendenning was still at jail awaiting his trial which was to take place the following week. The miners who told us the story were the witnesses and from what we had heard of western justice the outcome of the trial was not veiled in mystery. A few weeks later we learnt that Jim Glendenning had been promptly acquitted amid the acclaim of the populace.

As we wish to reach Salt Lake City the next morning we soon take to our democrat wagon and follow the road back that we had come over. We had well laden baskets filled with lunch and when the shadows grew long, stopped alongside of our dried up creek, put our satchels upon the ground for tables, used the seats of the wagon for chairs and drew out our lunch which we were told was to consist of two baked chickens but every dive into the lunch basket brought forth another leg and a fair count at the end showed that our two chickens had been blessed with the unusual number of nine legs, but some good sweet bread and liberal slices of cocoanut cake washed down with fairly cool, amber colored liquid made us a most satisfactory meal.

Just as we had about finished, a short howl attracted our attention and there stood a lean, gaunt looking coyote

waiting for us to depart so that he might voraciously gulp down the bones and crumbs that we had left, but as soon as he perceived that we had noticed his presence he slunk off into the sage brush and one is certainly reminded that this is the Ishmaelite among animals.

The sun is gone down and darkness falls over the landscape. A sharp turn brings a fire-lit camp into full view. Here are the workmen, resting for the night, who have been working on the water pipe for the railroad tank at Modena. Weird figures they are, and it would not take much of a stretch of imagination to transform this into a camp of gypsies, as the canvas covers of the outfit are drawn up at one side.

We continue on and as we come into the plains there low down on the horizon is a most beautiful new moon. Never have I seen the crescent so sharply outlined as on this occasion.

We arrive at Modena and shortly afterward our train comes thundering along and we are soon in our berths sound asleep while the "iron horse" sweeps us along to our goal, Salt Lake City.

We are met at the depot by Effinger and Jeffs, the latter a young graduate of the Michigan University. They take us out for a drive through the residence streets of Salt Lake City and during the ride I have an opportunity to closely scan our friend Effinger who had been a clerk in the Lake Superior mining region and had drifted to Salt Lake City where for some time he had been trying his hand and luck at various pursuits but had at last succeeded in getting afloat by promoting mines.

His fingers were covered with rings, sparkling with diamonds, his necktie was embellished by a large gold nugget and a regular cable watch chain adorned his vest and when he finally stopped where some children were playing and called a little boy to the side of the carriage and introduced him to us as his son every member of our party had difficulty in repressing a smile, for the little chap still wore the pants of two weeks ago, which was just about the time that Papa Effinger had struck it rich. Both seat and knees

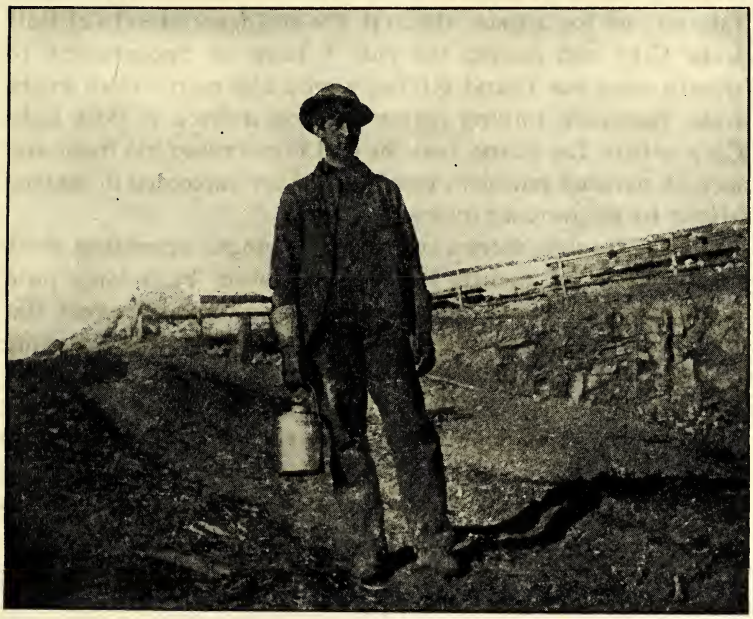
were adorned with carefully put on patches and when Effinger with a wave of his hand pointed to a large stately looking house with a great portico, with the remark, "This is the home that I have just bought" I could no longer repress my merriment. It was too good an example of a Western miners life to allow it to pass unnoticed.

Effinger now took us to a swell cafe where a most elaborate luncheon was served us. He presented Emma with a large bouquet of American Beauties and when, during the meal, he was told that she had ridden up Government Peak on the black horse at the mine, he was most astonished at her temerity and asserted that few men would dare to mount his horse "Danger" and to give expression to his admiration, he drew his gold nugget pin from his scarf and presented it to her as a token of his appreciation of her equestrianship.

The day passed and in the afternoon we go to the depot escorted by our Salt Lake City friends.

Uncle Frank and Everett bid one another a fond adieu, for while we are hurrying back over Colorado Springs, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, to Detroit, Everett is going:

"Back to the mines".



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